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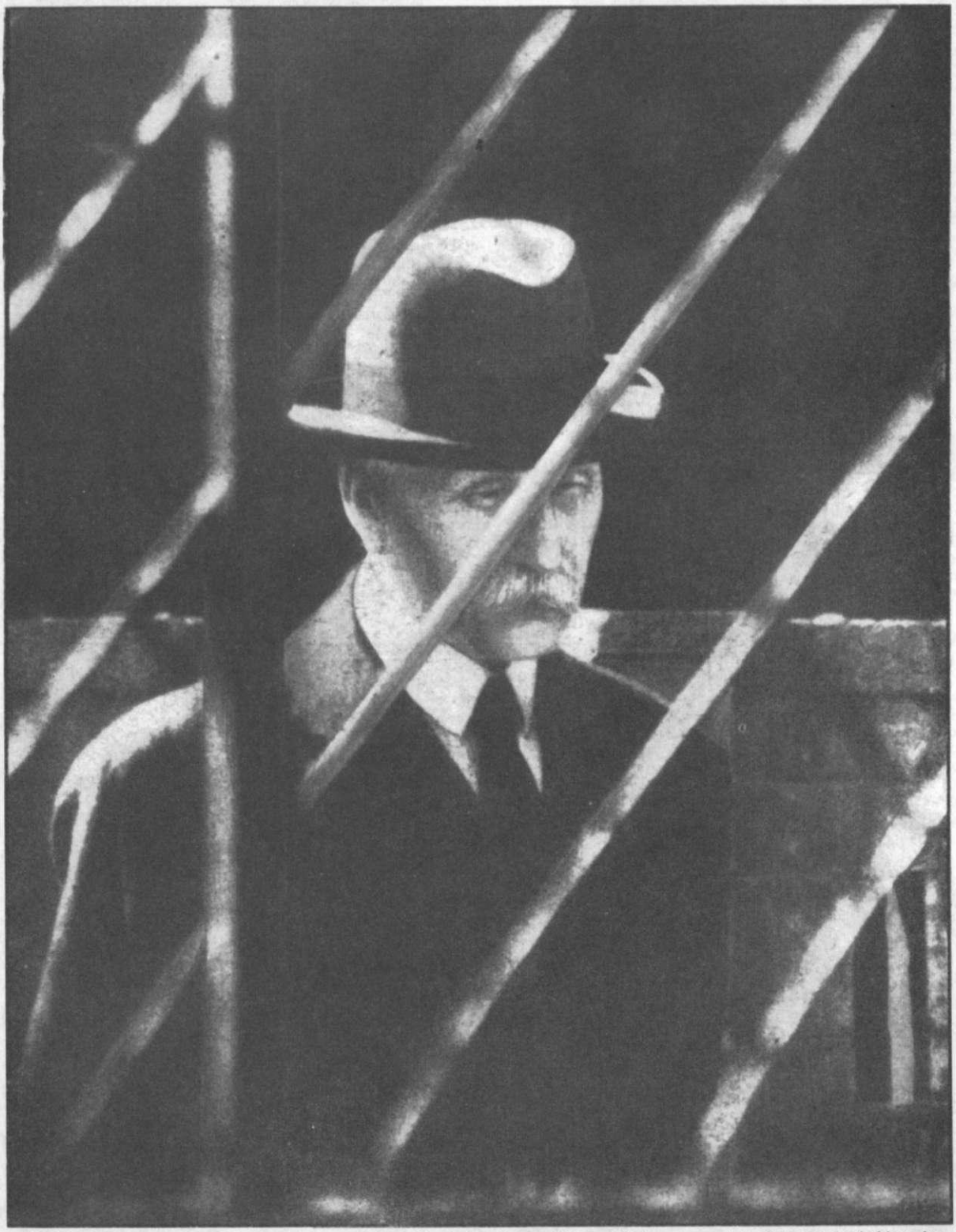
SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

NOVEMBER 23, 1945



THE LAST DAYS OF A TRAITOR—the 89-years-old ex-Marshal of France, Philippe Pétain—are spent in dishonour behind bars in the Pyrenean fortress-prison of Portalet. His death sentence pronounced on August 15, 1945, was commuted two days later. His cell is that in which he confined Georges Mandel, Minister of the Interior in the Reynaud Government in 1940 and later murdered. Pétain's only contact with the outside world is by letter to his wife. See also page 245.

Photo, Planet News

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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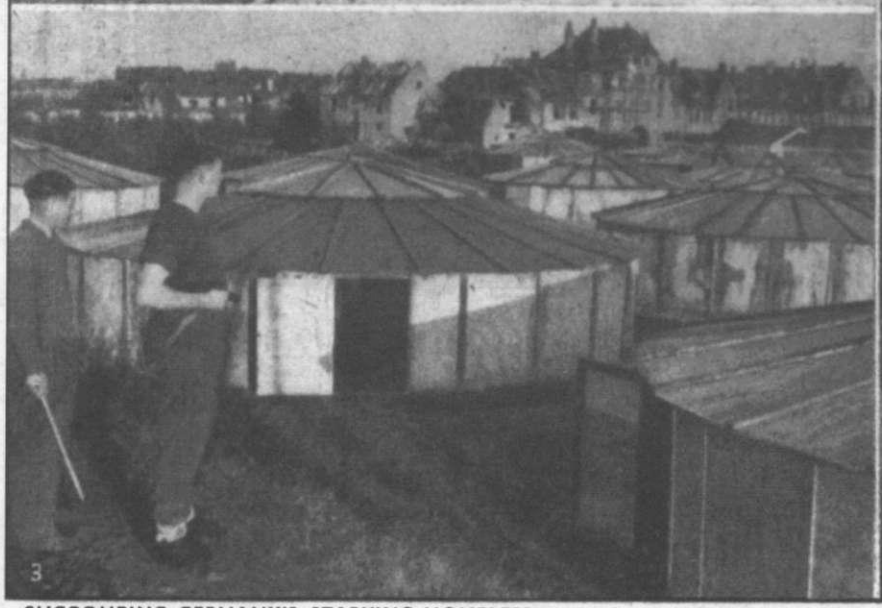
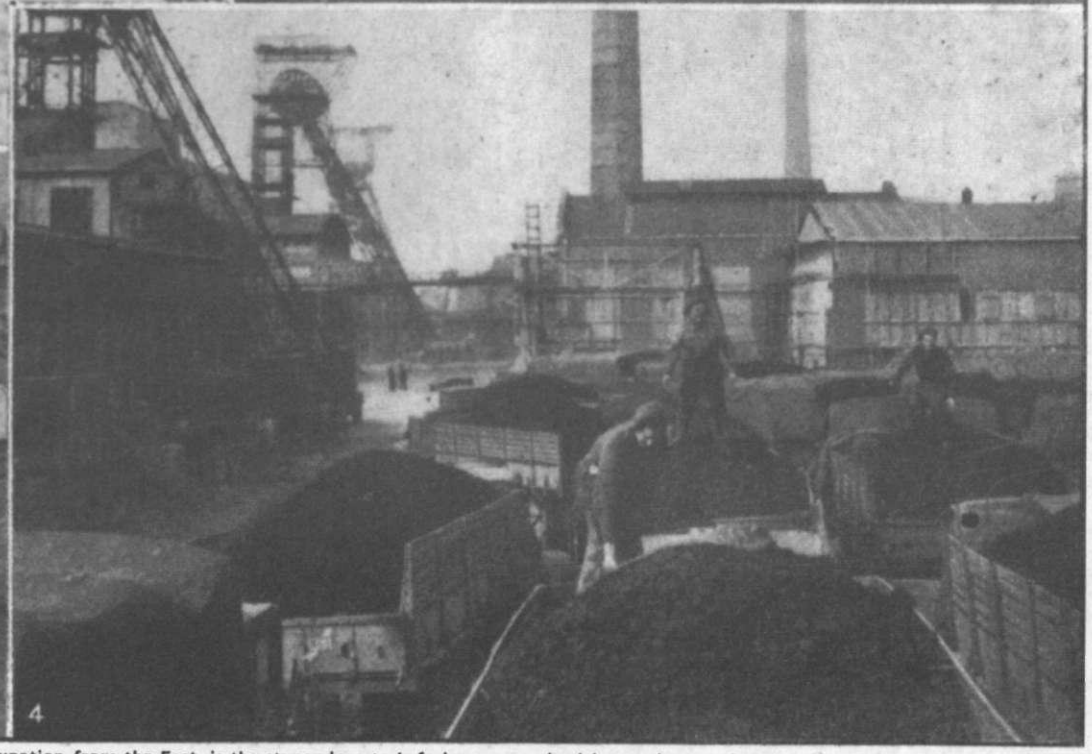




SUCCOURING GERMANY'S STARVING HOMELESS surging into the British zone of occupation from the East, is the stupendous task facing our authorities at the transit camp of Uelzen, near Luneburg in Hanover. Trains carrying German Displaced Persons, such as this (1) leaving Uelzen, are crammed from axle to roof. Daily sight is the queue for rations; D.P.s receive gruel and one "solid" meal of black bread, butter, jam and sausages per day (2). General view of the camp (3) showing the wooden huts, originally built as stables by the Nazis, where D.P.s are housed overnight, on straw, 40 to a stable. British Army lorries and troops (4) are employed at Ruhr pitheads for transporting coal to France, Holland and Denmark, the German canal system being in chaos. *Photos, British Official, Planet News, Keystone*

Aftermath in Central Europe

By HENRY BAERLEIN

OUR well-known contributor, who has extensive knowledge of the Central European lands which for years have been but beds of political unrest, gives us here the results of his recent study of the problems that still await solution there although the clutch of Nazism has been withdrawn with the death of that evil thing.

WHEN, after the First Great War, the region of Malmedy on the Belgian-German frontier was awarded to Belgium its German inhabitants became deeply depressed, not so much because of their separation from a ruined land as because they were no longer under the discipline to which they were accustomed.

Many another psychological problem will have to be faced in Central Europe in the near future ; they go hand in hand with the territorial problems awaiting solution. The statesmen who will undertake this colossal task are not to be envied. Pamphlets of every kind, statistics that prove everything, and apparently unanswerable arguments (until they are triumphantly answered), will assail them from all sides. Let us consider a few questions they will be asked to solve.

The Poles, whether wisely or not, have accepted in the west what they have lost in the east. One of their urgent problems, therefore, is the replacing of much of the German population of such large towns as Breslau and Stettin by Polish nationals. From the 500,000 Poles in the British zone of Germany some 3,000 a day are going to Stettin ; one doubts if many of them will stay there instead of returning to parts with which they are familiar. And though the Polish birth-rate may remain the highest in Europe, will it populate these great new areas? On the other hand, the change of sovereignty in East Prussia has solved the problem of an adequate coastline for the Poles, while at the same time definitely undermining the power of the Junkers who were for so long the root of much evil.

The Best Solution for Trieste ?

There are various parts of Central Europe in which the claims of two nations are being heard. Trieste, for instance, is demanded both by the Yugoslavs and the Italians, although it has never prospered when it and Venice have been under the same flag (see page 106). A few hundred yards outside this cosmopolitan port we come to a country almost wholly Slovene, and the suggestion that the river Isonzo should be the boundary between the two races was made both by Napoleon and Mazzini. Bearing this in mind, the best solution for Trieste itself would seem to be a Trieste-Istrian Free State, with a population equally divided between Italians and Slavs.

Of course, in the harbour of Trieste, free zones should be allotted to Czechoslovakia, thus doing away with Hamburg's semi-monopoly of Czechoslovakia's commerce, and to Austria, to guard against any raising of another " Anschluss " propaganda. Fiume should not present any problem this time, for its allocation to Yugoslavia is obviously the only just solution. Under Italy since the last war it was dying a slow death, whereas its suburb of Susak, given to the Yugoslavs, flourished exceedingly.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, on account of her central position, is naturally exposed to many problems with her neighbours as claimants. It is to be hoped that the question of Teschen (see page 406), whose mines are so vital to Czechoslovakia's industry, while Poland has other sources, will be settled on the pre-war basis. It is unfortunate that the Poles should have raised this matter and should have acted somewhat arbitrarily against the Moravian population of Upper Silesia. Between the two wars the relations between these two Slav countries were unsatisfactory, Pilsudski and Colonel Beck refusing to discuss matters with President Benes, then Foreign Minister.

It need hardly be said that the big brother of the Slavs is faced with a problem in Rumania and Bulgaria, for the governments supported there by the Soviet do not commend themselves to Britain and the U.S. The democracies do not expect a democratic regime like their own in these countries, but a modification of those now in force appears to be necessary, both for their own well-being and for the sake of their relations with ourselves and America.

Lebensraum for Teeming Refugees

The problems which confront us in Germany are manifold. There is, for instance, the question of the Ruhr, which—in the opinion of France—should not at any rate be returned to German administration. It will be remembered that after the 1914–18 war a French attempt to set up an independent State in western Germany was unsuccessful. There is much to be said for an internationalized Ruhr, for Germany has for long been the most aggressive nation in the world—which without the Ruhr and Silesia she would cease to be. The loss of Silesia would also be a belated act of justice for its theft by Frederick the Great in 1745.

An urgent problem today is the reception in Germany of the many thousands of her compatriots expelled from Poland and the Sudeten districts of Czechoslovakia. Their conduct was such that this expulsion became unavoidable, and since German soil is capable of more intensive cultivation, even in the diminished Fatherland, there will be Lebensraum for the refugees.

That is not the greatest of the internal problems which have to be faced in Europe. Yugoslavia has a number of more or less unfriendly neighbours, but their animosity is probably less than that which agitates a good many Serbs and Croats. One had hoped that, following the example of the English and the Scots after the Act of Union in 1707, they would indulge in some years of skirmishing and then settle down. But the skirmishing not only continues but increases, nor does Marshal Tito's proposed disfranchisement of some 60 per cent of the population—all those who did not actively assist his Partisans—do anything to bring nearer an understanding.

SPAIN, Belgium and Greece are confronted with various problems that involve the principle of monarchy in those countries. Between the rival republican and monarchist claimants in Spain, Franco steers an uneasy course ; and whichever climbs to power the unsuccessful party will denounce it for the sins of its predecessors. In Belgium there is the unfortunate complication of the Flemings and Walloons being divided on the question of King Leopold at a time when national unity is more than ever desirable. In Greece the monarchy problem is causing the supporters of King George to abstain from the elections. A problem for the Dutch is whether to demand for a term of years a region of north-west Germany equivalent to the area of Holland devastated by the Nazis.

It would seem that there is no end to these problems. One of the most important is that of such waterways as the Danube. Is that great river to be controlled by the various riparian states or by an international body assembled *ad hoc*? This matter will always be important, but is now particularly so in view of the state of European railways.

COMMERCIAL problems will not be the least That this is appreciated can be seen from the fact that the Soviet has not waited to arrange with Hungary that half the products of that country are to be earmarked for Russia. The multiplicity of frontiers where commerce was halted did not assist the convalescence of Europe after the First Great War ; it is to be hoped that the recent example of Rumania and Hungary will be followed. Rumanian milk is being sent to Budapest for the children, and for the first time in history relations between the two countries are quite good.

This happy condition of things, however, is exceptional. There has lately fallen into Allied hands a German secret document which states that the Fuehrer had decided to erase Leningrad from the face of the world The world is not going to treat its problems today with any such criminal viciousness.

IN ONE OF DANZIG'S SHATTERED SQUARES German " displaced persons "—formerly resident in the Baltic seaport and now ordered to evacuate by the Russian Military Government to make room for incoming Poles—try to dispose of their chattels to the new Polish population. This represents but one of Europe's post-war problems. *Photo, Associated Press*

With Montgomery from D-Day to V-Day

21st Army Group H.Q. Flash

A Retrospect by MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN K.C.B., D.S.O.

WHILE a campaign is in progress, the interest of the average man tends to centre on day-to-day events or on speculations as to what will follow. His memory of past happenings, except those of outstanding character, is apt consequently to become blurred, and he may have to wait long before he has an opportunity to form a picture of the campaign as a whole in correct perspective.

We should therefore be grateful to Field-Marshal Montgomery for the clear and concise account he gave in a lecture to the Royal United Service Institution on Oct. 3, 1945, of the part played by the 21st Army Group in the great Western Front offensive of 1944-45. By a characteristic gesture he has had his lecture printed for distribution within the Group ; it should therefore soon be accessible to many readers.

The Field-Marshal pays tribute to the share the Navy and Air Force took in the campaign, and emphasizes the dependence of the Army on them in all military operations ; but he describes only the land operations carried out under his command. He is able, however, to give us a complete picture of the battle of Normandy which ended with the crossing of the Seine, since he had been placed by General Eisenhower in over-all charge of the combined Allied armies in that phase of the campaign. Thereafter, when General Eisenhower assumed direct control, Field-Marshal Montgomery confines himself to the operations of the 21st Army Group, composed of the 1st Canadian and 2nd British Armies, and to those in which American Armies co-operated with the Group.

NORMANDY Objective Was Reached a Fortnight Ahead of Schedule

We can now be certain that the battle of Normandy, despite the length of the struggle and of the checks that occurred from time to time in its progress, was fought very closely on the lines of a preconceived plan. Actually the territorial objective set for D+90 days was reached a fortnight ahead of schedule and a defeat more disastrous than could have been expected was inflicted on the enemy.

The chief object after securing a footing on the beaches had been to maintain the initiative in order to prevent the enemy delivering a mass counter-stroke, and to induce him to expend his reserves piecemeal on the part of the front as far removed as possible from the point where the decisive American break-out from the bridge-head was planned to take place. The enemy danced to Montgomery's tune, and when Gen. Patton's drive (U.S. 3rd Army) isolated him from his troops in Brittany and south of the Loire his wisest course would have been to withdraw north and east, rallying north of the Seine.

BUT in a desperate effort to capture the initiative the enemy decided to launch and persist in the belated counter-stroke towards Avranches. Thereby he committed himself to fighting a decisive battle with his back to the Seine, over which all permanent bridges were broken. This was the first of the three major mistakes which Montgomery considers brought about the final German defeat. In none of the three cases could the course the enemy took have been definitely anticipated, but the Allied dispositions were so essentially sound that the enemy threats were countered without abandoning the plan in operation.

In this case the counter-stroke was held up by rapidly organized defence while Patton's original mission proceeded with the brilliant modification which swung part of his army northwards to enclose the Falaise pocket. Thus the enemy had not only exposed his army to annihilation but sacrificed all chance he had of holding the line of the Seine—and that without disturbing the development of the original Allied plans.

THE subsequent brilliant drive of 21st Army Group, north-east through the Pas de Calais and Belgium, met with no organized resistance, except where the enemy elected to leave garrisons in the Channel Ports. But by the time Antwerp was reached, lines of communication with the Normandy base had become 400 miles long and all available transport had to be used to maintain forward supplies, with a consequent depletion of reserve stocks at the base.

Back on the Seine, Eisenhower and Montgomery already had their eyes on the north German plain. Field-Marshal Montgomery implies that he thought it might be reached, and a final decision achieved by an immediate massive thrust across the lines of the Maas, Waal and Neder Rijn. General Eisenhower, however, decided that the utmost that could be safely attempted before a base was established at Antwerp—which meant clearing the Scheldt estuary—was to secure a bridge-head across the three rivers. In pursuance of that plan, while the Canadian Army was clearing the Channel Ports, the British 2nd Army continued its advance northwards and crossed the Albert Canal. But German resistance had begun to stiffen and the weather broke, with the result that in a terrain seamed with water-obstacles the advance was held up.

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY celebrates his first great victory ; he is here seen with Mr. Churchill at the dinner held in London on October 23, 1945, to mark the third anniversary of the Battle of Alamein. *Photo, Associated Press*

There followed the great airborne landing which secured the passage of the Maas and Waal but failed at Arnhem to secure the Neder Rijn crossing ; weather, lack of numbers and the rapidity of German recovery holding up the attempts of the 2nd Army to support the Arnhem troops. The enterprise also suffered from improvisation, for it had originally been intended to employ the airborne force on other operations which the speed of the Allied advance rendered unnecessary. The clearance of the Antwerp approaches, a slow and difficult business, was then undertaken. The full extent of the German recovery had become evident along the whole western front. New plans had to be made, and during the autumn there was much preparatory fighting in appalling weather before they could mature.

The new plan for the 21st Army Group was to use the Maas and Waal bridge-head as a base for a thrust into the Rhineland between the Maas and the Rhine. While regrouping with this object in view was in progress, Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive was launched in December 1944 ; and in the face of its threat the regrouping was suspended. Serious as the implications of Rundstedt's offensive were it is interesting to note that Field-Marshal Montgomery ranks it as the second fatal mistake made by the Germans. Not having secured air superiority nor possessing the necessary resources for a major counter-stroke, the enterprise was doomed to failure. "A counter-attack, yes ; a counter-offensive, no!" is how the Field-Marshal summarizes his criticism of the Rundstedt plan.

HOW Germany Missed Last Chance to Stave Off Final Catastrophe

The 21st Army Group took a notable if subordinate part in frustrating the attempt, and the subsequent offensive which cleared the northern Rhineland and effected the main crossing of the Rhine was an Anglo-American operation under Montgomery's command. It started with the Canadian Army's previously planned attack from the Nijmegen area ; but now owing to floods it had to be carried out almost as an amphibious operation, while the American attack across the Roer was held up by the threat of the release of the waters of the Roer reservoirs.

The Canadian Army—largely composed of British troops replacing the Canadian Corps sent to Italy—had desperate fighting, but it drew all German reserves from the Roer defences and opened the way for the American Armies when the Roer flood subsided. The combined offensive then developed as planned, and success was rapid and devastating. As Montgomery points out, the Germans had committed their third major mistake when, after Rundstedt's defeat, they had not retired behind the Rhine—which was their last chance of staving off for a time the final catastrophe, and they again fought with a bridgeless river behind them.

BEFORE the battle of the Rhineland was completed preparations for the crossing of the Rhine had been set on foot, and the operation was carried through with characteristic thoroughness. Once the bridge-head was established the end was inevitable, but the encirclement of the Ruhr and the swift drive to meet the Russians on the Baltic settled the issue decisively.

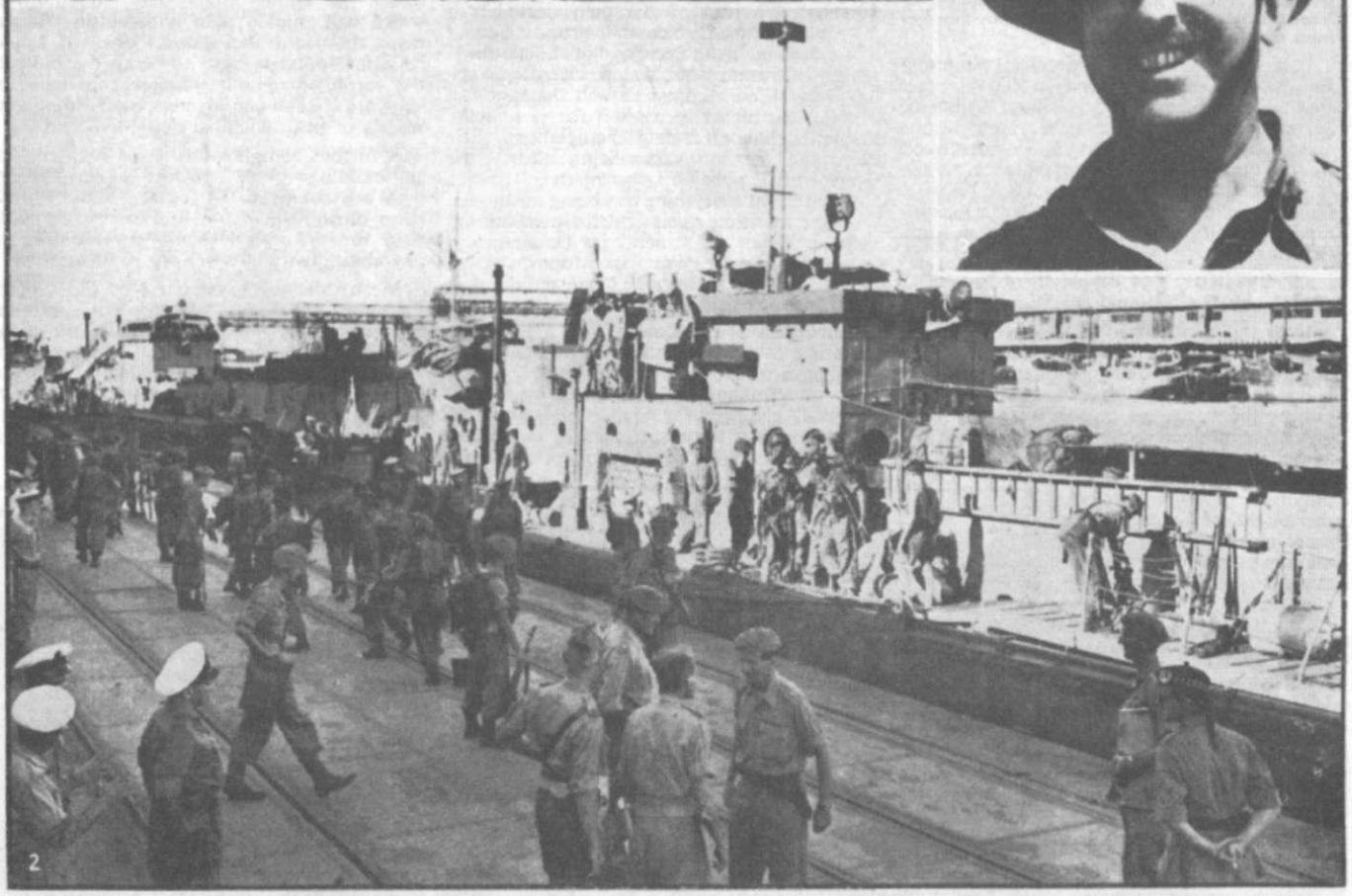
The operation planned on the Seine had, in fact, been carried through with few modifications or serious interruptions. The initiative throughout was maintained and, as Field-Marshal Montgomery claims, this was the result of skilful grouping and regrouping of resources which made it possible to react to enemy thrusts without abandoning the main object. At no time did resources permit the formation of a strong strategic reserve free to meet emergencies. It was a case of maintaining or rapidly restoring the balance required to meet all developments. The instinctive sense of balance which marks the first-class games player is equally the hall mark of the first-class general.

Montgomery has much of interest to say in his comments. He holds that morale of the ordinary soldier was the greatest single factor that contributed to success.

Seaforths and Japs Help to Quell Rebels in Java

1

Brigadier A. W. S. MALLABY, C.I.E., O.B.E., 46-years-old British Commander in Surabaya, Java, was shot dead by an Indonesian mob on October 30, 1945, while touring the Javanese naval base to see that the terms of the truce were carried out. He commanded the 49th Indian Infantry Brigade which had just landed in Java.



2

JAPANESE OFFICERS HELPED to quieten Batavian rioters in October 1945; a group (1, wearing armlets) is seen smoothing out a street disturbance. Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Christison, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (3), Allied Commander in the Netherlands East Indies, immediately after the killing of Brigadier Mallaby warned Indonesians that if the culprits did not surrender he would bring the "full weight" of his forces against them. Seaforth Highlanders landing at Batavia (2) where on November 1 they went into action against snipers.

Photos, British Official, Topical, Walter Stoneman

What of the Merchant Navy's Future?

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

It was Mr. Alfred Barnes, Minister of War Transport, who said of the Merchant Navy in the Battle of the Atlantic, "Had that lifeline been cut, nothing could have saved us. To the merchant seaman we owe our preservation and our very lives."

That the Royal Navy is in cordial agreement with this view may be judged from the following extract from a broadcast by Rear-Admiral R. K. Dickson, Chief of Naval Information at the Admiralty: "Neither the Navy nor the Coastal Command could have defeated the U-boats alone; both relied first and last on the fortitude of the Merchant Navy."

Such tributes could easily be multiplied, since no one can withhold his admiration for the magnificent record which the merchant sailor has established in the past six years. But something more enduring than mere praise is required. As the author of the latest book on the subject entitled The Merchant Service, by Lieut.-Commander L. M. Bates (published by Frederick Muller, Ltd.) observes:

After the last war (1914-1918) we repaid similar devotion and sacrifice with callous indifference. When the next test came in 1939 we had no earthly right to expect a second mass sacrifice. But the Merchant Service stood by its traditions, as it always does, and we were given the inestimable blessing of another chance. If we fail them again after this war there may be no Merchant Service to save us if a third test comes. Blood is still the price of admiralty, and our merchant seamen have paid in full on our account. Let you and me and all the peoples of this great sea-linked empire insist upon that debt being redeemed when the world-after-the-war emerges from the present anarchy.

It is the aim of a new Merchant Shipping Bill, now being considered in detail by a special committee of the National Union of Seamen, to improve the general conditions of service in the Merchant Navy—described by its drafter, Mr. Hector Hughes, K.C., M.P., as "the Cinderella of the Services." He has severely criticized the inferior accommodation still provided for the crew in some British ships.

CONTINUITY of Employment Sought by the National Maritime Board

Even more important is the need to avoid the long spells of unemployment which dogged the officers and men of the Merchant Navy in the years between the two wars. During the worst slump cases were on record of master mariners going to sea "before the mast," i.e. as members of the crew, in default of any other sea employment. Worse still was the plight of some of the more elderly officers holding masters' certificates, who failed to get to sea at all, and were driven to take casual jobs as scene painters or sandwich-board men.

A plan to secure continuity of employment has been drawn up by the National Maritime Board, the body which regulates pay and conditions of merchant service personnel. It is proposed to set up two pools, one Government-sponsored and the other for the owners, from which every ship would draw her officers and men. Every man going to sea under this scheme would be guaranteed employment for several years, subject to his proved efficiency and fitness. Articles would continue to be signed in the usual way; but when terminated, each man would pass into one of the pools and be paid while waiting for his next ship.

REDUCTION in Payment of War Risk Money Would Have Been Involved

Until effective measures have been taken, with the approval of the organizations which guard interests of seafaring personnel, to implement such proposals no alteration is likely to be made in the conditions of employment at sea. In September the National Maritime Board rejected the shipowners' proposal, put forward two months earlier, for post-war remuneration of officers and men. This would have involved reducing the amount of extra pay drawn on account of war perils, commonly known as War Risk Money, from £10 a week to £5 a week as from October 1, 1945. Representatives of the masters and officers submitted counter-proposals for a complete revision of the basis and amount of remuneration.

REPRESENTATIVES of the men declined to make immediate counter-proposals; and a few days later the Secretary of the National Union of Seamen, Mr. Jarman, criticized the Minister of War Transport and the heads of other departments concerned for not giving seamen a chance to state the details of their case, and for not announcing clearly the Government policy in the matter. It was suggested that everything was being postponed until the maritime session of the International Labour Office was held in Denmark in November. As to War Risk Money, it was pointed out there were still unusual dangers to be faced at sea, notably from mines.

Some idea of the scale of risk attached to seafaring in wartime may be gathered from the figures of Merchant Navy losses: 35,279 klled and missing, 4,215 injured and 4,088 interned, giving a far higher percentage of casualties than those sustained by any of the fighting Services. Yet not only was there no sign of reluctance to continue to face such perils, but there was a notable absence of any desire to exploit the war situation by bargaining for better terms. That was left until the enemy had been defeated.

So far as conditions of officers' employment are concerned, remarkable improvement has been recorded over the past 25 years, very largely through the efforts of the Officers (Merchant Navy) Federation, under the direction of Captain W. H. Coombs, to whom his colleagues owe a great debt. Through his perseverance, all Merchant Navy officers are now united in a single body, enabling their views to be presented with greater weight than ever before. As a result, the youngster who goes to sea as an apprentice in these days has a much better prospect than in the past.

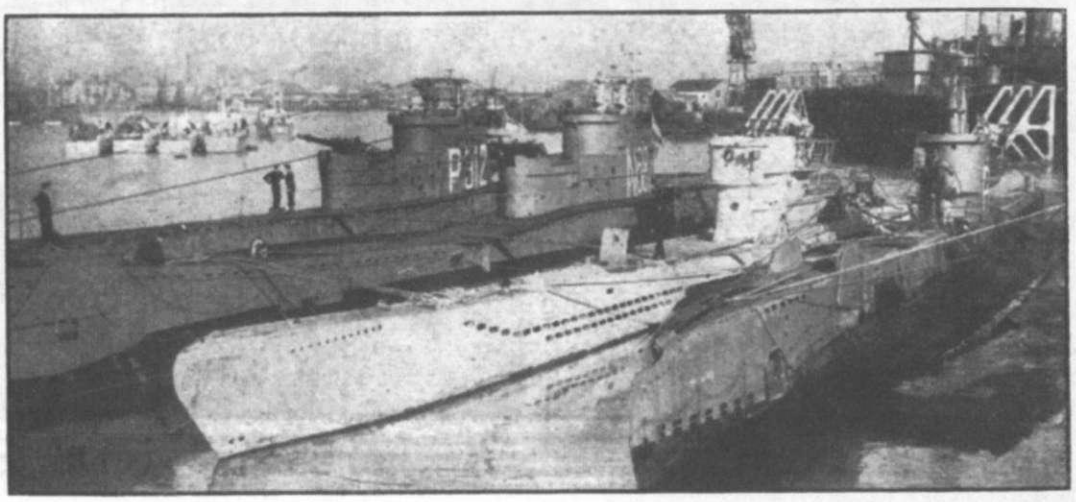
It is not only the personnel manning the Merchant Navy who await Government decisions on future policy with anxiety. Shipowners have a most complex problem to face. At the end of last year the ocean-going mercantile fleet of this country had been reduced to no more than 13,500,000 tons, as contrasted with 17,500,000 tons when war began. More serious than the actual reduction in British tonnage is the unbalanced quality of the world's existing fleets. There is a marked shortage of specialized tonnage, and a vast preponderance of tramp vessels of standardized type.

HIGH Cost of Shipbuilding at this Time is a Further Complication

If, as has been hinted in some quarters, there is an intention to dispose of a large proportion of this surplus tonnage, at present under the United States flag, to countries which will employ it in undercutting freight rates, the future is a gloomy one. It would be a far sounder move to scrap the bulk of the surplus war-built tonnage and maintain shipyards in full employment by building new vessels of more suitable designs.

A further complication is the high cost of shipbuilding at the present time. Owners who are compensated for the loss of their ships during the war at the prices originally paid for them find themselves required to pay about twice as much for new vessels.

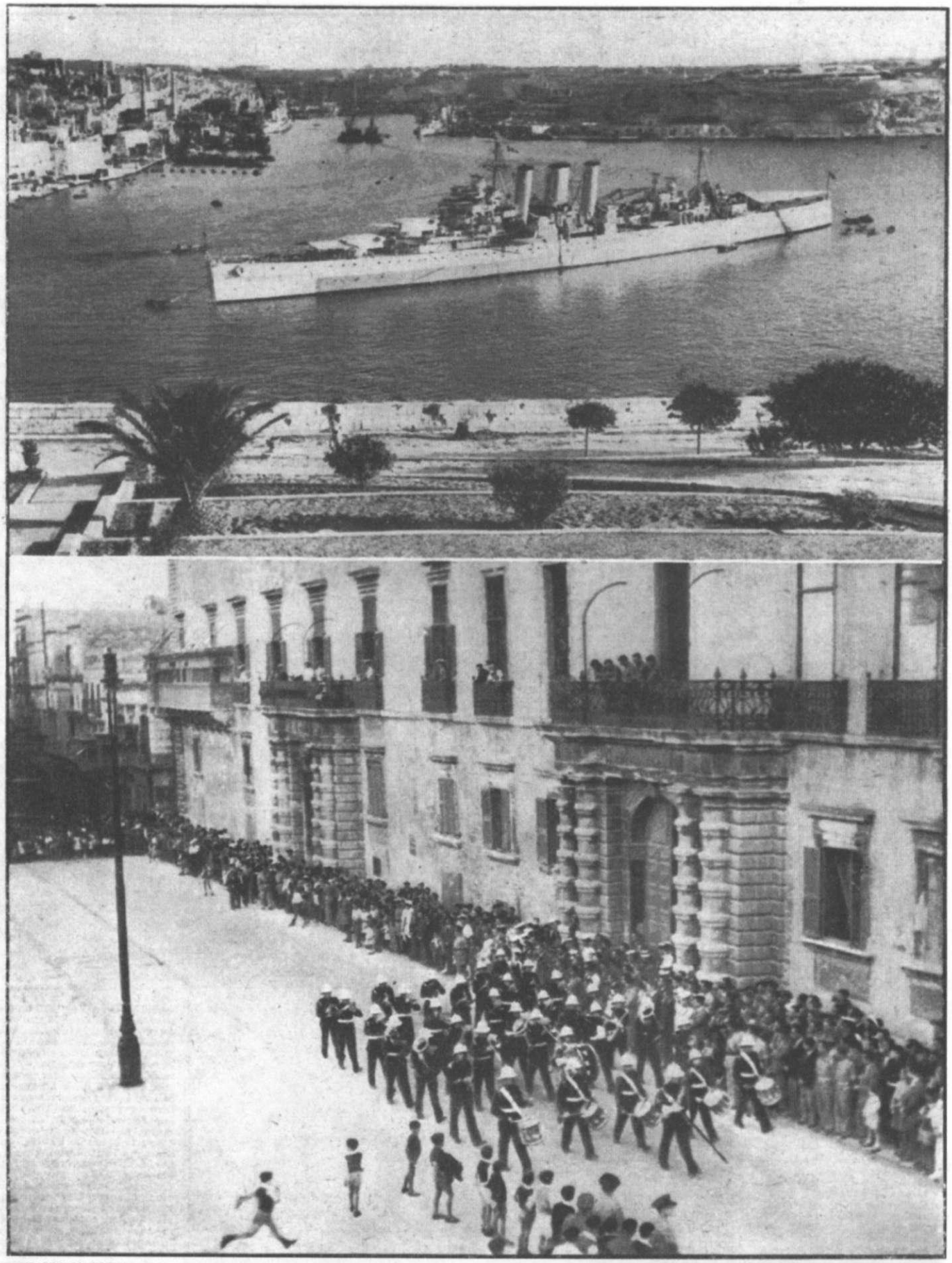
Meanwhile, in some parts of the Empire there is gratifying evidence of practical appreciation by the public of the work of the Merchant Navy in the war. The people of South Africa have contributed a sum of £75,000 towards the foundation of a self-supporting village community for veteran and disabled seamen and their families. This plan is described in full in page 238.



AT H.M.S. DOLPHIN, famous Portsmouth refitting base of our submarines, were reassembled in November 1945 British undersea craft which in the perilous years of the war had sailed round the world and back. Alongside them lay in captivity surrendered U-boats, once their deadly foe. Seen (left to right) are H.M. submarines Trespasser, Truant and Surf, with a white-hulled U-boat between the last two. A group of landing-craft lies at anchor in the left background.

Photo, The Evening Standard

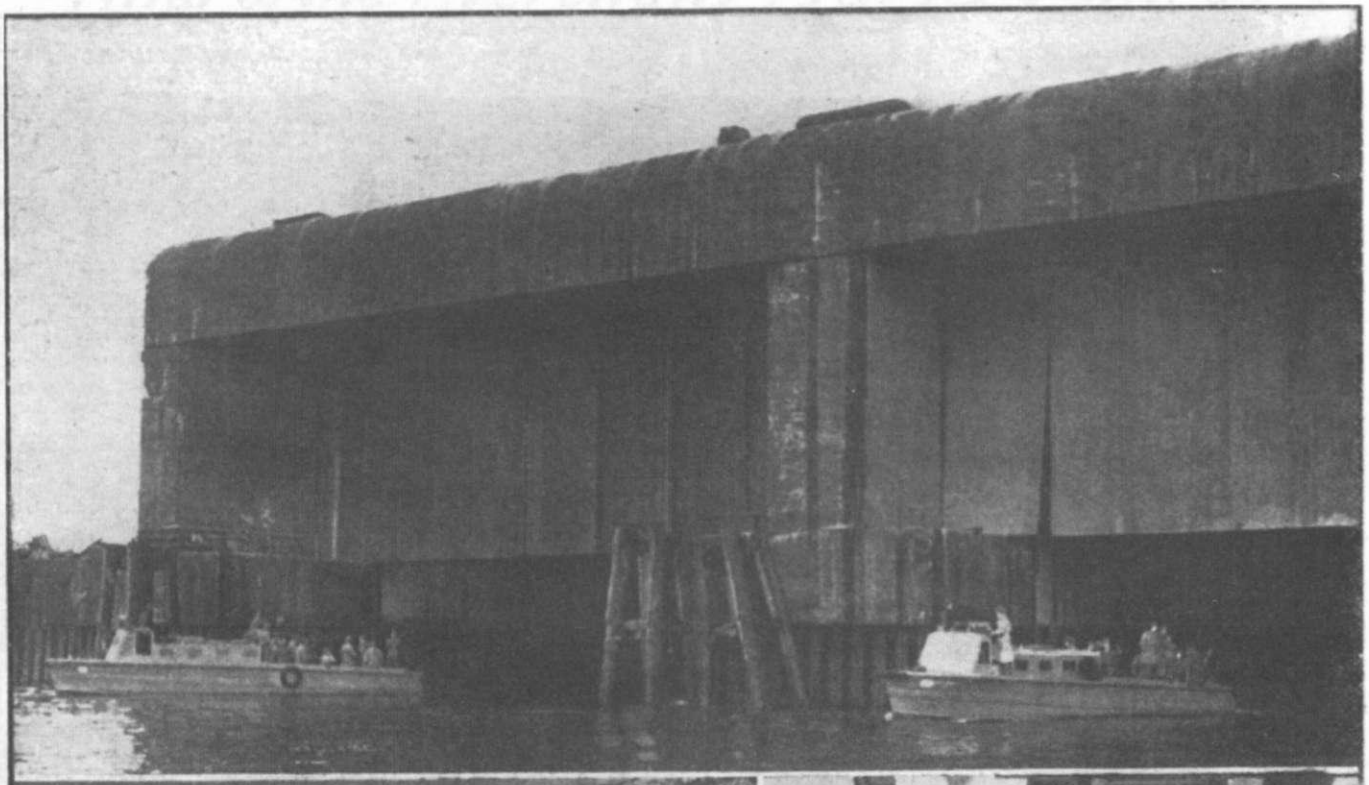
Malta Once Again H.Q. of Mediterranean Fleet



TRANSFERENCE OF ADML. SIR JOHN CUNNINGHAM'S STAFF from Caserta in Italy to the George Cross Island, announced on September 28, 1945, meant that Malta had again become our Mediterranean Fleet's headquarters for the first time since 1940. Among our ships to anchor in the Grand Harbour at Valetta, the capital, was the cruiser H.M.S. Norfolk (top). To mark the arrival of the C.-in-C. Mediterranean a band of Royal Marines from the Norfolk, Aurora and Ajax marched to Valetta's Palace Square (above).

Photos, Topical Press.

How We Blew Up the U-Boat Pens at Hamburg



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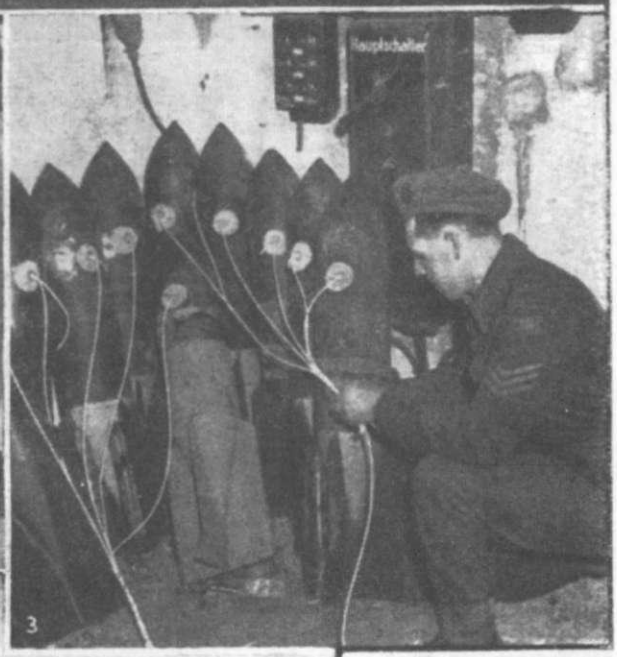

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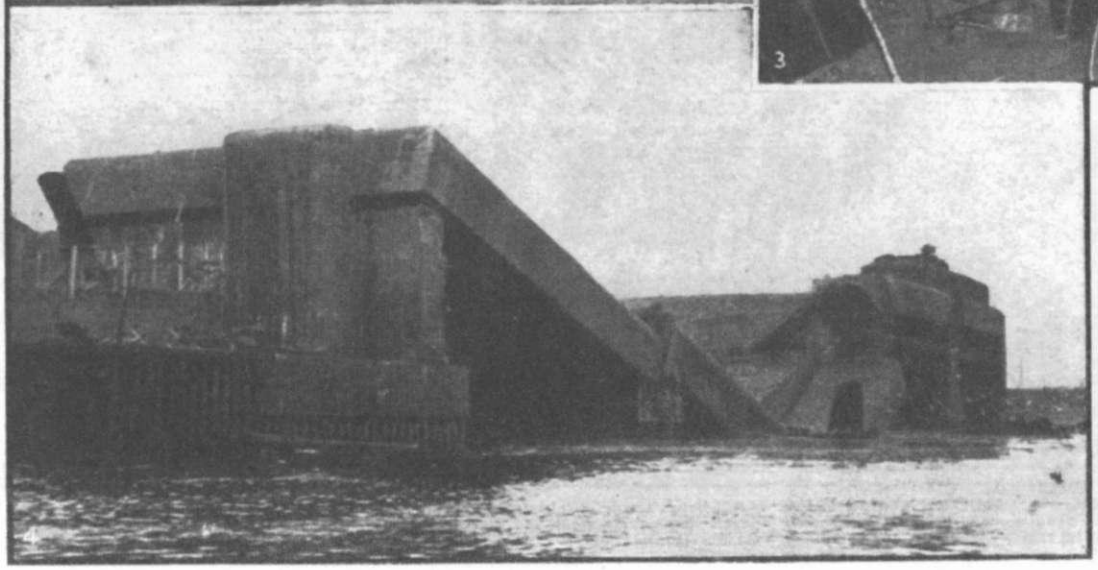

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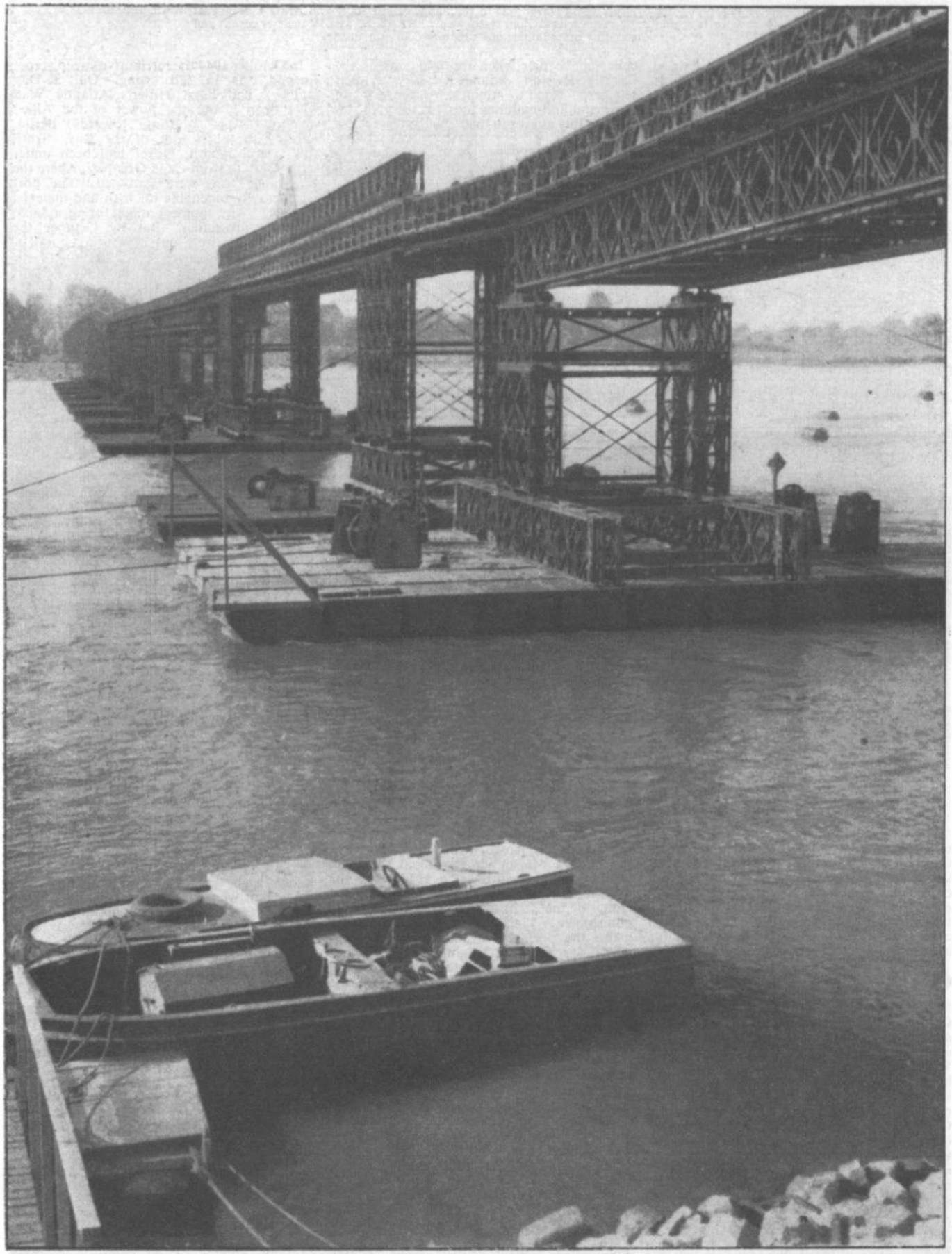
LUFTWAFFE BOMBS were used by the Royal Engineers on October 21, 1945, to demolish the Finkenwarder U-boat pens at Hamburg. The gaunt-looking pens (1), with walls 12-ft. thick, were the product of four years' toil by 1,700 slave labourers. Five docks, each measuring 73 ft. by 368 ft., had capacity for ten ocean-going U-boats or 30 smaller craft. The blowing up, personally performed by Major H. E. Donnelly, Royal Engineers, was watched by official spectators from a stand overlooking the River Elbe (2). A sergeant helped to fuse the Luftwaffe 500-pound bombs (3) which did this (4) to the pens in a single explosion, leaving the roof sagging in the water.

Photos, Planet News

Mighty Spans Our Sappers Flung Across the Rhine



ONE OF THE LARGEST FLOATING BRIDGES IN THE WORLD, across the turbulent Rhine at Düsseldorf, had been almost completed by men of the Royal Engineers in early November 1945. Built as a semi-permanent structure, it is known locally as the "Freeman Bridge," after a major of the R.E.s, who was largely responsible for its erection. This "Bailey on Stilts" is half-a-mile long and can carry loads up to 40 tons. It is the work of three companies of sappers, some of whom learned their craft in Burma. See also pages 564-565, Vol. 8.

Photo, British Official

Laurels for Dover: Chief of the Cinque Ports

Target for all forms of enemy attack, base for the final push into Germany, leave-port for our victorious troops, for over six years Dover was in the hands of our Navy and Army. Now that the harbour is beginning to resume its civilian status Capt. FRANK H. SHAW reviews scenes and outstanding personalities of its tempestuous war history.

No town on our coast has taken and stood up to such serial punishment as Dover. For the best part of five years it was the target for every big gun the Germans could bring to bear on it. Distant only a score of miles from Occupied Europe, it was required to endure a daily hate from whatever the enemy could contrive against it—because the enemy knew its vital import to our strategy, defensive and offensive.

Many a M.T.B. night patrol, returning from adventures in the misted waters towards the Flemish sands, breathed sighs of relief when the white cliffs loomed into view through the morning haze: it would not have astonished them to know that the high white ramparts had been beaten flat. But Dover stood as firmly against air attack, sea attack, land attack as the valiant town had stood against persistent assaults by French pirates of the thirteenth century.

The cliffs that had witnessed the first "combined operation" of Julius Caesar might have shed white trickles of rubble as the high explosive missiles embedded themselves harmlessly in their serene bulk; but even the savagery of a world at war could not intimidate those who lived on and behind that rampart whose looming whiteness had caused the Romans to name the indomitable island Albion.

Captain TOM WOODS
The "indomitable Manxman" who commands the S.S. Lady of Mann, famous British leave-boat which has sailed between Dover and Calais with our men in all kinds of weather.

Captain H. L. PAYNE, O.B.E.
Well-known Merchant Navy skipper who undertook the great task of reopening Dover Harbour in October 1944, as told in this page.

Captain G. JOHNSON, D.S.C.
Commander of the S.S. Royal Daffodil, completed just before the war, which has carried almost 2,000,000 troops across the Channel since 1939, and now transports men on leave.

Photos, G.P.U.

On September 17, 1945, the Navy and Army handed back the Dover Harbour to its rightful owners—the Southern Railway Company—after a period of six years and sixteen days, during which it had been exclusively under High Command control. What an amazing amount of vital history has been packed into that slice of our national lifetime! It is something to be the outermost bastion of a prolonged, dogged defence that has won the world's admiration. Dover heard the rumble of gunfire quite early in the war, and saw the first explosions of the magnetic mines as this weapon was first brought into play (see story in page 124, Vol. 7) and ships were transformed to mangled scrap.

Just how many of the returning "mosquito-craft" which brought back the first Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk berthed in this harbour it is not possible to estimate; but if Dover had nothing else to be proud of she could exult in that magnificent spectacle on the pier when the remnants of the Guards Division—wounded, weary, at their last gasp—came to attention on the word of command and marched away to the trains as indomitably as ever in their chequered history.

With war ended, Dover automatically became the arrival port for land forces returning from Occupied Europe on leave; just as it was in the 1914–18 war, when the leave-boats ran with the precision of a clock, except for rare occasions when U-boats were reported in the narrow seas. But not all the leave-boats of today are stereotyped cross-Channel "flyers," doing the 21-mile run in well under the hour. Landing craft are recruited into the service—queer, ungainly monsters with neither bow nor stern, awkward to handle in any sort of a seaway, but fairly fast in smooth open water, and a godsend to warriors who have flocked from Italy, Greece, Germany and Austria.

Outstanding personalities seen about Dover include Capt. G. Johnson, D.S.C., who commands the Royal Daffodil—successor to the famous Merseyside ferry-boat that won distinction at Zeebrugge in 1917 when she did grand service in pushing the Vindictive alongside the Zeebrugge mole, and took bitter punishment. Under Capt. Johnson's command the present Royal Daffodil has conveyed over 1,900,000 fighting men to and from Europe. She started this work in 1939, when she helped to transport the gallant few of the first Expeditionary Force to France in the early autumn of 1939. She still carries on, risking loose mines, as she risked destruction in the war.

Capt. Johnson has stirring stories to tell of his ship's adventures. Whilst citizens of our premier Cinque Port dared the cannon-shell, bombs and doodle-bugs, refusing to abandon their homes, the Royal Daffodil and many ships like her, plied—swift shuttles of an Empire's loom—indomitably through fog and bitter storm alike. Naturally, most of her voyages were performed by night; but exigency often demanded that she should work in broad daylight—a fair target for enemy hostility; for to sink the Daffodil would have meant cheating our fighting forces of perhaps five thousand of the very cream of the nation's manhood.

In October 1944 the retributive sweep across Europe was in full swing. Our D-Day landings had burst Hitler's Atlantic Wall wide open; and the flower of the Allied manhood was pouring towards Berlin, fighting for each foot of the way. Until this fateful month, Dover had been under daily shellfire from Cape Gris Nez, where the long-range guns were stationed. The port was actually untenable for men and material in bulk. Any moment might bring a salvo of H.E. projectiles. But by October the Gris Nez guns were out of action; our left-hook swing had given us possession of the terrain where they were mounted. Apart from occasional tip and run air raids, Dover was more or less free from deliberate attack. (See illus. in page 354, Vol. 8.)

Wrecks Dynamited Out of the Way

It was Capt. H. L. Payne, O.B.E., a veteran Merchant Navy shipmaster, who undertook the reopening of Dover Harbour. He found plenty to do—the port was littered with sunken wrecks, bombed whilst the ships lay at anchor in fancied safety. The piers were crumbling. The harbour facilities were non-existent. Captain Payne took the task in hand, and in a very short while he had a whole fleet of ships hurrying men, ammunition and supplies to the sorely-tried legions across the water.

The wrecks were dynamited out of the way, shattered piers were patched into a semblance of utility, blocked channels were cleared, guarding minefields were swept and, outwardly, Dover resumed the appearance of a busy commercial port. But her exports were no longer pleasure-seeking trippers bound for Ostend or Calais and the inland cities of the Continent; now they were engines of death and destruction, together with men who understood just how those engines might be best applied to fulfilling the great plan of Victory.

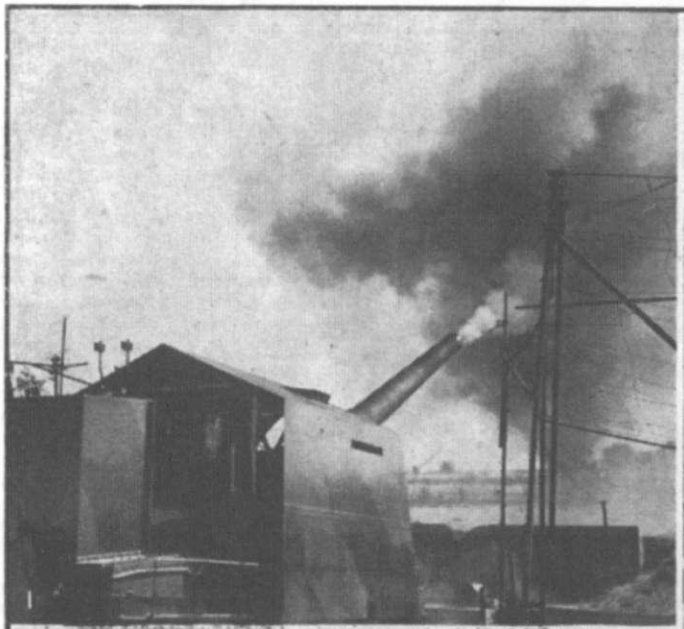
You will meet Capt. Tom Woods, indomitable Manxman, captain of the Lady of Mann leave-boat, returning from a fog-shrouded voyage where every inch of the way has been haunted by perils. The Merchant Navy has adopted Dover, and, being well versed in the usages of a port, is using it now to the best advantage. Fog hinders smooth working, but Captain Woods well knows what leave means to a fighting man or woman who has not set foot on English soil for years; and he takes his ship through weather that would have left pre-war shipmasters aghast.

Two Dictators Looked and Longed

Accustomed to seeing the flotsam of war washed up on its doorsteps, Dover welcomes the returning heroes with open arms, and puts every facility into their way for quick communication with friends, and for needed refreshments. Minesweepers still use the port as they return from their labours, but the normal activities of the Royal Navy are now reduced; there is not the same need for that minute-by-minute vigilance that kept the seas open for our ships. Napoleon stood on the Boulogne cliffs and cast longing eyes at the white ramparts. Hitler probably did the same. That, of course, is as far as the two Dictators got.

And so today, if a returning prisoner of war, long deprived of news, asks the question, as Kipling's exile asked it: "How stands the old Lord Warden? Are Dover cliffs still white?" Dover's answer is: "As it was, so it is today—Dover stands fast!"

Foremost Seaport of Kent in War and at Peace



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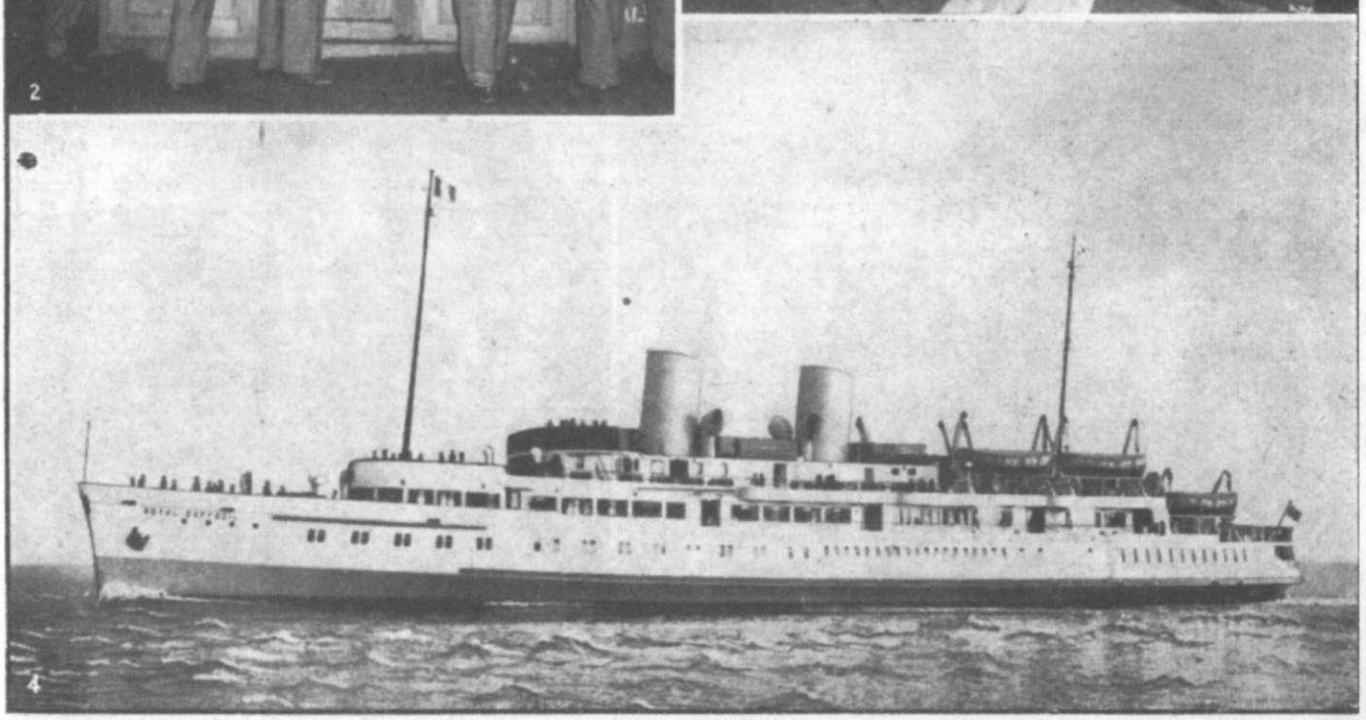

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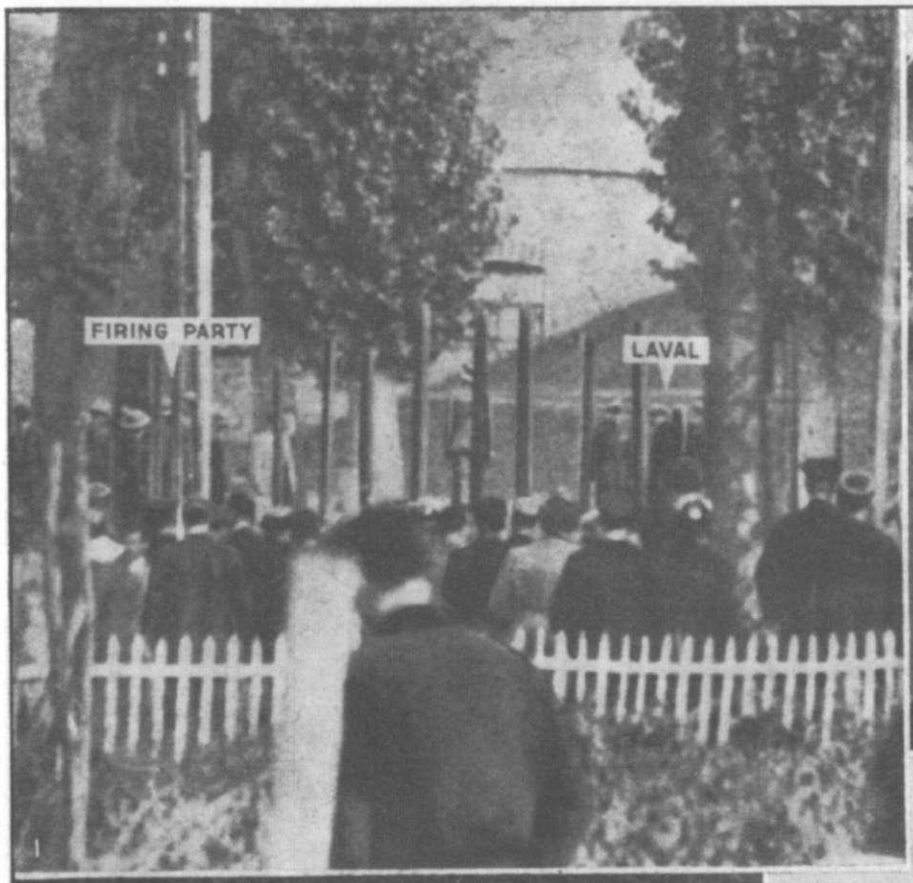
AMONG THE SIGHTS OF DOVER (the " Soldiers' Own " Port) at war was " Winnie " (1), gun of the Royal Marine Siege Regiment, which in 1940 fired the first cross-Channel shells from England to France. Now leave-troops of the B.A.O.R. dash to the quayside kiosk (2) to telegraph home. Embarking for Germany are A.T.S. and British Red Cross Society personnel (3). Channel packet Royal Daffodil (4), bearer of a famous name is serving as troop-transport. **See also facing page.**

Photos, British Official, G.P.U., Topical Press, and courtesy of the General Steam Navigation Coy.

Ignominious Exit of the Traitor Pierre Laval



THIS WAS THE END OF FRANCE'S ARCH-TRAITOR at Fresnes Prison, Paris, on October 15, 1945, when Pierre Laval, former French Premier, was executed, after a vain attempt to cheat justice by taking poison. Facing his executioners (1) Laval refused to be blindfolded. Journalists interviewed the priest (2) who had been with him to the end. Unmourned, the hearse containing Laval in his coffin left the prison (3). A newspaper man (4) was ordered by police to descend from his vantage-point on a telegraph pole.

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone

The Epic Story of Arnhem Told Afresh

By MAJOR
KENNETH HARE-SCOTT

THIS vivid reconstruction is the result of a visit to that battleground in Holland where in September 1944 our men endeavoured to force a gateway to North-West Germany. Our contributor, who was concerned with airborne supplies during those memorable days, toured the area with Maj.-General Urquhart and other officers, each of whom contributed his recollections of phases of the battle. See also pages 463-467.

AN intriguing official booklet has recently been published, entitled By Air to Battle, recounting that part—and a very significant contribution it was, too—played by the British Airborne Divisions in the conquest of our enemies. Military strategists and historians of the future will find plenty of scope for discussion, and doubtless will formulate divergent opinions, upon the method of employment of the "skymen." But whatever their verdict, there can be little doubt that in a war in which surprise, science and experiment played so large a part, the development of troop transport by air weighed heavily on the side of the Allies.

I have just returned from Arnhem, where—under the guidance of our Divisional Commander, Major-Gen. R. E. Urquhart, C.B., D.S.O. and Bar, and a team of officers, each of whom described that portion of the battle in which he was immediately concerned—the pattern of events was pieced together as we moved from position to position. Space will not allow me to describe the battle with penetrating analysis, nor would it be of general interest; but I will attempt to explain the intention of the operation, the method, what actually happened, and lessons to be learned from so costly an enterprise.

Before the order was given to the Divisional Commander to prepare a plan for the capture of the bridge crossing the Rhine at Arnhem, no less than sixteen previous "Warning Orders" had been received for the 1st Airborne Division to go into action at a variety of points in France and Belgium. Some involved landing on the beaches in support of the Normandy "gateway"; some the capture of ports in Brittany; another, the raising of French patriots well behind enemy positions, and another the capture of bridges over the Seine. These plans, involving careful preparations, were, for strategic or other reasons, scrapped, and for some months the Division was in a state of "On your marks—Get set—As you were."

IN September 1944, Field-Marshal Montgomery called for an airborne "carpet" to be laid for his advancing troops, by combined Allied landings at Eindhoven, at Nijmegen to capture the bridge over the Waal, and, more than ten miles farther into enemy-held territory, the bridge at Arnhem was to be secured—a role given to the 1st British Airborne Division. The Commanders of the Airborne Divisions prepared their plans. Availability of aircraft was limited, and somebody had to go short. As there was no point in the landing at Arnhem being 100 per cent successful if the other two failed, priority in aircraft availability was given to the Eindhoven and Nijmegen forces; which meant that the British Division had, of necessity, to be transported in two lifts—the first of them on September 17, the other on the following day.

Naturally this reduced considerably the force for the initial assault upon the objective, but Intelligence disclosed an estimate of light opposition, a very friendly reception by the Dutch—both factors in favour—whilst it also revealed impossible ground conditions for landing parachutists or gliders anywhere in the immediate vicinity of the bridge. This latter information led to the landings being made in an area to the north and west of Wolfhezen—a distance varying between five and eight miles from the bridge.

Not According to Expectations

The morning of September 17 was bright and clear, and many of you will remember the impressive armada of aircraft and gliders which crossed our coast for this historic operation. All went well in the initial stages. The three parachute battalions of the 1st Parachute Brigade landed without untoward incident, as did also the glider-borne infantry. Quickly the parachutists and infantry deployed and began to move in on their objective, whilst glider-borne troops of the Airlanding Brigade (battalions of the Border, K.O.S.B., and South Staffordshire Regiments) secured the landing and dropping zones for the arrival of the second lift.

Very soon, on approaching the village of Oosterbeek, the advancing troops began to meet strong German opposition, and it was then realized, with some foreboding, that all was not going quite according to expectations. The Germans had, in fact, a strong concentration, almost a corps, and much of it armoured, refitting in the neighbourhood of Arnhem. The 2nd Parachute Battalion, commanded by the legendary Lt.-Col. "Johnny" Frost, D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., of Bruneval fame (see illus. in page 629, vol. 6), managed by speed of advance and a certain amount of good luck to get through to the bridge, which they took and held, at first against quite light opposition. It was this battalion which dispatched the carrier-pigeon "William of Orange" to England with the news that the bridge had been captured (see illus. in page 249).

The 1st and 3rd Parachute Battalions, however, continued to be delayed in fierce fighting in and around Oosterbeek where they suffered very heavy casualties, having against them tanks, guns and numerical strength which far outweighed their own light composition. They fought heroically, but could make no progress towards a link-up with the 2nd Battalion on the bridge.

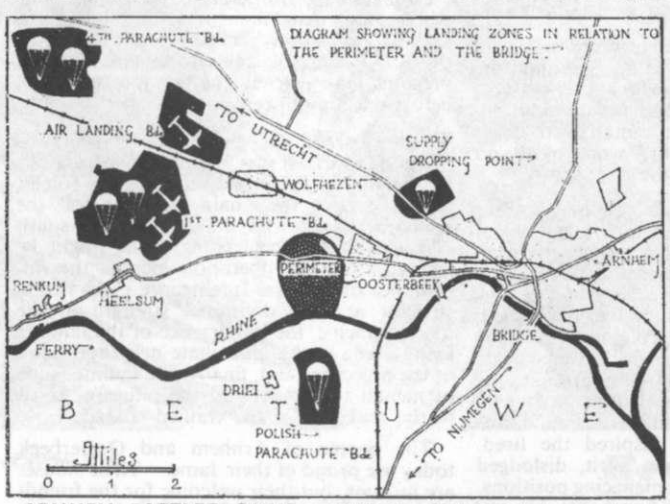
MEANWHILE, in the direction of Wolfhezen and beyond, landing zones were held for the second lift. But alas! the lift was delayed through adverse flying conditions, landing at 4 p.m. on September 18 instead of at 9 a.m. as originally intended. Precious time had been lost, and they were a long way from their battle areas, nor could they push into the fight with ease, for the enemy held the only main road on the axis of advance and alternative routes led to trouble at every turn.

The second lift consisted of the 4th Parachute Brigade (the 10th, 11th and 156th Parachute Battalions), half a battalion of infantry and some elements of divisional troops. And suffice it to say that, hard as they fought, it was impossible to effect any concentration of strength sufficient, and within distance of the objective, to bring reinforcement to the men of the first lift who were still struggling to reach the 2nd Parachute Battalion on the bridge. The hours of delay in the arrival of the second lift had enabled enemy reinforcements to establish strong points.

HERO'S GRAVE in a garden in the Betuwe district, near Arnhem, being tended by a sabot-shod Dutchwoman—one of the many who will never forget. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

THE Parachute Brigade was, in two days' fighting, reduced to about 250 men—one officer, Capt. L. E. Queripel of the 10th Battalion, was awarded the V.C. for supreme courage in face of the impossible odds which beset his whole formation (see illus. in page 24). Later, on September 21, a third lift, consisting of the Polish Parachute Brigade, was dropped near Driel, on the south of the river; but despite continued efforts for four consecutive nights, it was only possible to ferry 250 men across to play their part in the perimeter defence phase of the battle.

To add to the difficult situation which was developing, the "Resupply by Air" plan went adrift. The S.D.P. (Supply Dropping Point) selected for the delivery by air of food and ammunition fell early into enemy hands. My company was engaged upon resupply, and to the great distress of all no message of an alternative S.D.P. could be got back to base, and much-needed ammunition and supplies continued to fall day after day into



ARNHEM BATTLEGROUND. While the 2nd Parachute Battalion made desperate efforts to hold the Rhine bridge, the remainder of the 1st Brigade—and later, the 4th Brigade—strove unsuccessfully to reinforce them.

enemy hands, and very many aircraft were shot down. Only later was it possible for a greatly limited " drop " to be made in the divisional perimeter, which comes into the story at this juncture.

THE Divisional Commander, who had shared in the heaviest close-quarter fighting in the bridge thrust, taking, as we say in the Army, " an appreciation of the situation," was faced with this picture. One battalion on the bridge was being severely mauled, and enemy pressure was increasing. The other battalions, pressing to reach the bridge, had been fought to a standstill, and their strength reduced to mere handfuls of men, dauntless in courage but facing insuperable odds, with most of their officers and N.C.O.s killed or wounded. The remaining force was scattered in a series of equally fierce engagements, with no prospect of ultimate junction with any coherent attempt to hold the bridge.

Also, his men were hungry and terribly short of ammunition. His decision, therefore, was to draw in as many men as possible

ONCE A FAMOUS DUTCH BEAUTY SPOT, Arnhem is today little more than ruins among which the shattered tower of the 15th-century Protestant Church, the Groote Kerk (above, in background), still stands. The tower, 305 ft. in height, formerly housed a 17th-century peal of bells famed throughout the Netherlands for its delicacy of tone. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

and, on the old principle of Waterloo, to form a square or perimeter on the western edge of Oosterbeek, bounded on the south by the Rhine, and on the three sides by all available men. Thus a line of contact would remain open across the river with the spearhead of the advancing 2nd Army. The 2nd Battalion on the bridge had to go " into the bag," but only after resistance had reduced their number to barely a man alive and unwounded, and supplies and ammunition were exhausted. In this closing action Lieut. J. H. Grayburn earned a V.C., which he did not live to receive (see illus. in page 24).

BY skilful night movement the remainder of the Division was drawn in to form the perimeter. These comprised the remnants of the infantry battalions of the Airlanding Brigade ; the 4th Parachute Brigade ; the Independent Parachute Company (the Pathfinder Company, which lands first and lays out the D.Z. for the paratroops to follow), which is led by a remarkable wartime soldier—peacetime business man—Major " Boy " Wilson, D.S.O., M.C., over 50 years of age ; the few survivors of the 1st and 3rd Battalions and Divisional Troops ; the gunners, sappers, signallers, R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., and the Glider Pilots, who had fought gallantly with their comrades from the moment of landing.

The R.A.M.C. had throughout the operation performed miracles. The care of the many wounded, widely dispersed, had been their concern day and night, without hope of evacuation except through enemy channels. Dressing stations and hospitals changed hands several times, and received little discrimination in the bombardment by mortar, tank and small-arms fire. The great majority —and they were great in heart and achievement—of the medical staff remained behind, to become prisoners with the wounded.

WORDS cannot describe the stubborn, offensive spirit which filled the thin line of " Red Devils " defending the perimeter ; a hedgehog which bristled and inflicted hurt at every approach of the pack of wolves. Their casualties from snipers concealed in the thick woods, and in buildings around the perimeter, and from mortar fire, never ceased ; no resupply by air of food or ammunition, except the odd pannier or container, to cheer them ; very little water and, worst of all, no news of the approach of the 2nd Army.

THEN a miracle happened. A gunner officer made wireless contact with a battery of the Medium Regiment, R.A., attached to the 43rd Division near Nijmegen. Soon afterwards the senior gunner officer of the Airborne Division attempted, and accomplished, an unprecedented feat. To gunners 21,000 yards away he was able, with remarkable precision, to indicate targets around the perimeter, and at times within it, where German infiltration had occurred. This artillery support, which inspired the tired, hungry defenders with new spirit, dislodged many of the enemy's more menacing positions.

Very careful control of food and ammunition had to be maintained within the perimeter. The enemy, in the words of Major Wilson, " usually drew stumps at 7 p.m.," after which, when night fell, it was possible to make any necessary changes in disposition. The gallant force could not hold out indefinitely, and the General sent two officers, Lieut.-Cols. Mackenzie and Myers, across the river to inform General Browning, Deputy Commander of the Allied Airborne Army, of the situation. These officers, after many adventures, fulfilled their mission, and returned with concerted plans for the withdrawal, which was now inevitable.

THE evacuation took place on the night of September 25–26, beginning at 10 p.m. Silently, with feet wrapped in bits of blanket to muffle any noise, the troops filed down to the river bank, leaving behind strategically placed rearguards, to maintain the illusion in the enemy mind that nothing unusual was afoot. The 2nd Army Artillery kept up a heavy bombardment, which the Germans believed was intended to cover a crossing of the river in strength by reinforcements. Sappers, in advance of the approaching 2nd Army, were waiting with assault craft to ferry the men across, and when daylight came over the horizon all but a few had found their way to the south bank ; and so the division, which started 10,000 strong, including the Glider Pilots, reformed in a school at Nijmegen, having lost 7,605 officers and men in killed, wounded and missing.

Braced Them for Renewed Attacks

Two more V.C.s were awarded in the perimeter fighting—to Major Robert Cain (see illus. page 478, Vol. 8) and L./Sgt. J. D. Baskeyfield (see illus. page 664, Vol. 8), both of the South Staffordshire Regiment. But every man was a hero, whilst the help given by the brave Dutch people must not be forgotten, for it included food, water, stretcher-bearing, nursing the wounded and maintaining the civil telephone system, which meant so much in the earlier days when wireless communication broke down. There was Major Lonsdale's " sermon " from the pulpit of a partially demolished church, when, reforming the remnants of the 1st and 3rd Parachute Battalions, in unprintable language he braced them for renewed attack against odds which had already killed or wounded 75 per cent of their comrades.

There were the signallers who relaid the telephone lines between Divisional H.Q. and a point 100 yards away, no less than 17 times, because the lines were as many times broken by shell and mortar fire. There was Major Cain's sergeant, who, wearing a Dutch top-hat, and within 150 yards of the enemy, ran a repair shop for weapons, " cannibalizing " different parts to make one whole gun. And there was the pilot of the Dakota aircraft, his plane ablaze, who circled the S.D.P. several times to ensure that his precious load reached the beleaguered force, before crashing to certain death.

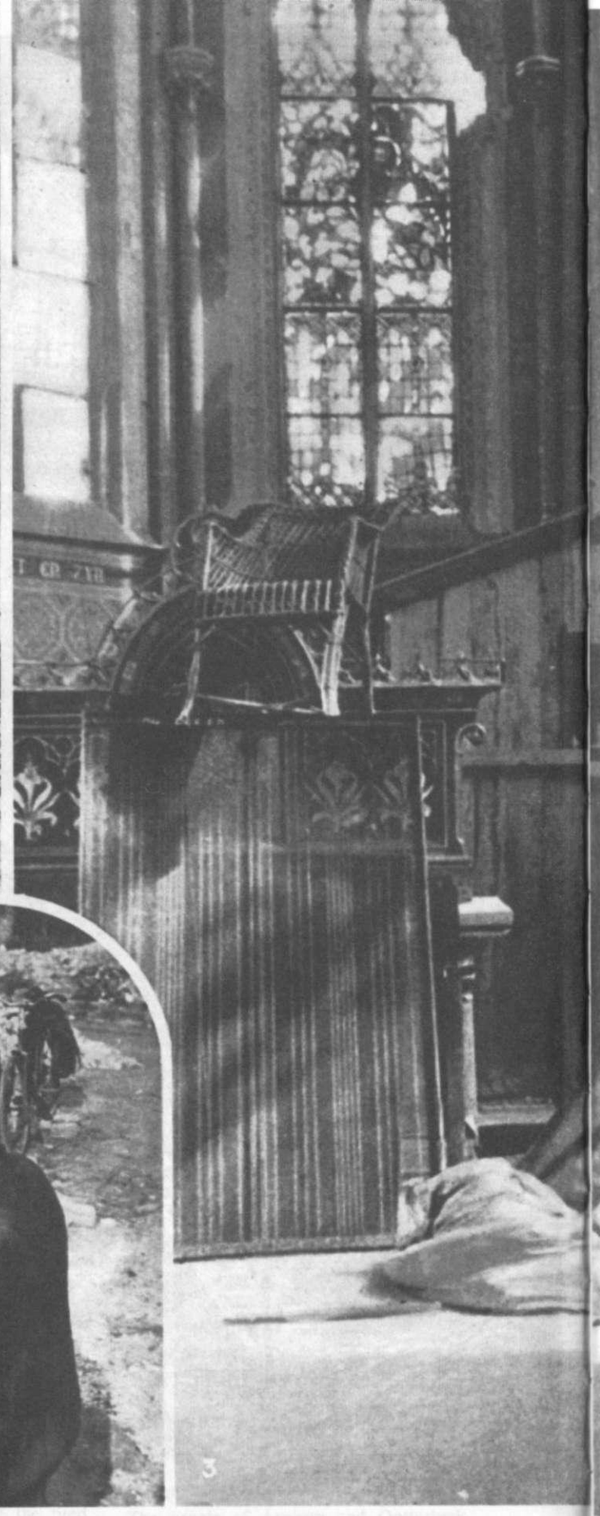
IN conclusion, this glorious operation was no failure. It was 85 per cent successful ; for, by pinning down powerful enemy forces, it accelerated the main advance of the Allied armies across difficult country south of the Rhine. The lessons which might be learned from the operation include the importance of accurate Intelligence ; the necessity for at least divisional strength in the initial punch ; the importance of the landing being made in the immediate neighbourhood of the objective, and, finally, the infinite value of mental toughness and the offensive spirit in the make-up of the trained soldier.

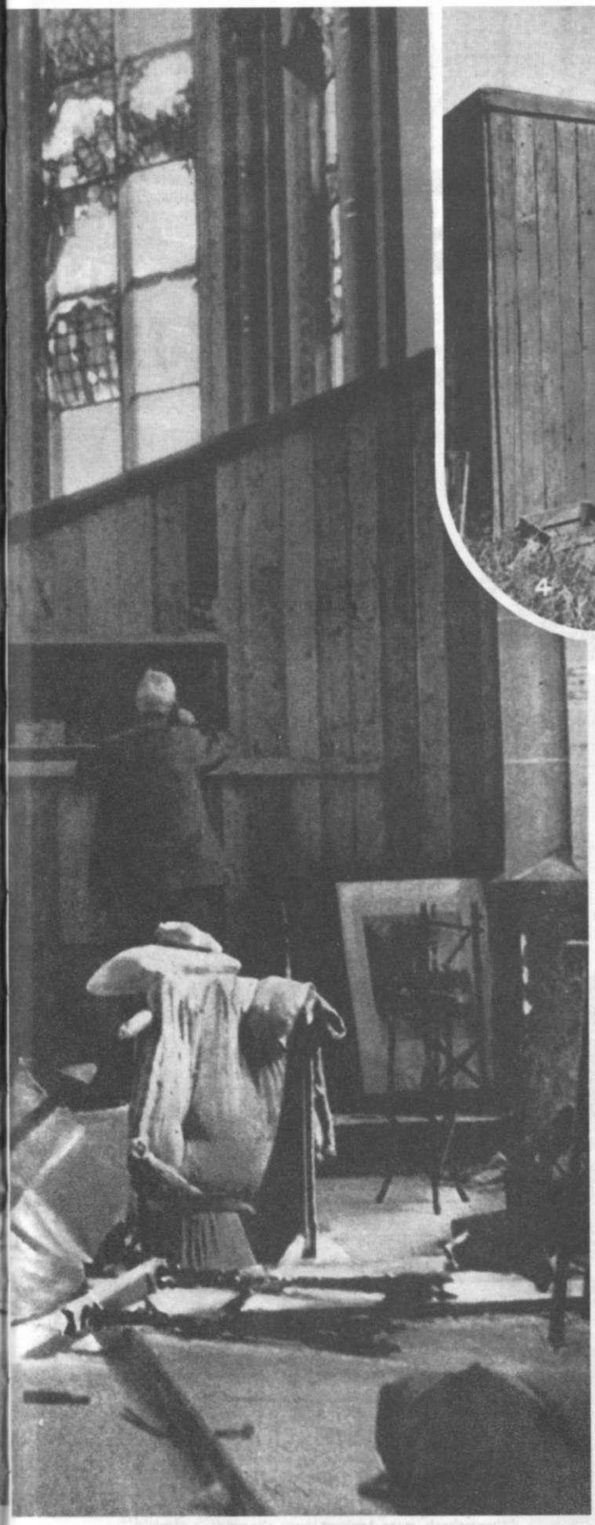
The people of Arnhem and Oosterbeek today are proud of their fame. Their houses are in ruins, but their welcome for the friends of September 1944 will survive in warmth and sincerity until the battle is beyond the range of human memory.

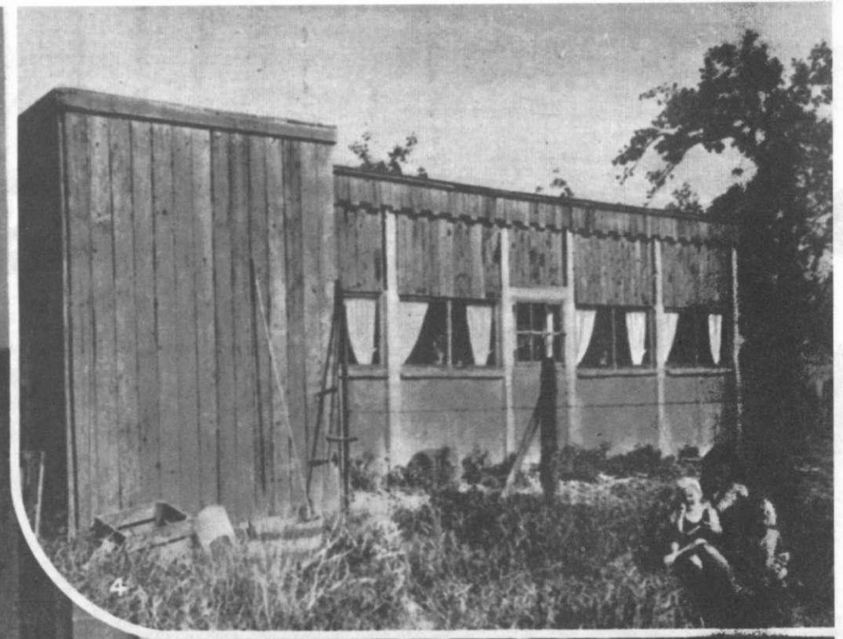
Photos, Pictorial Press

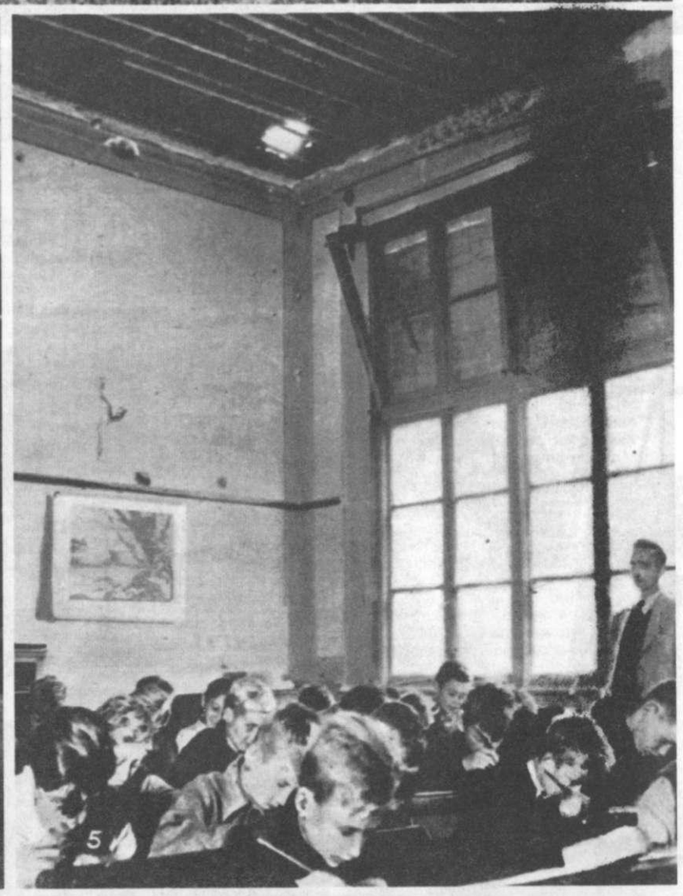
Roofs for the Roofless in Holland

Returning citizens of Arnhem (see pages 461–462) found dwellings completely destroyed or stripped to the bricks and mortar (top) by the Germans, and no gas, electricity, telephones, lorries or building materal available. The Arnhem Council and the Netherlands Military Administration have assumed joint responsibility for restoring the town, and volunteers from all over Holland were engaged. Lacking tiles, roofs are mended or repaired with thatch (bottom).









Where Our Airborne Divisions Battled a Year Ago—

In the Betuwe (" good land ") district of Holland, between the Waal and the Lower Rhine, the once prosperous towns of Arnhem and Nijmegen present major problems. With her husband and five children this mother (1) lives in the cellars of a shattered farmhouse, and in the open prepares makeshift meals: when the rains come, and the snow—what then? Rebuilding is hindered by extreme scarcity of tools: men who must share a hammer arrange a timetable for its use (2).

Photograph THE WAR *exclusive to* ILLUSTRATED

—With Their Spirit Undaunted the Dutch Strive On

In a war-shattered church an emergency " house " is built (3) for one of the sadly dwindled congregation. They count themselves lucky who have shelter at all: a mother's gratitude for a home-of-sorts (4) equals her pride in the youngsters. The school has been spared (5), though bullets have scored the walls and daylight is seen through the roof. First the Germans occupied the schools, then came evacuation, so diligence in lessons to offset long idleness is imperative for Dutch children.

The Waterloo Bridge that Went to Holland!

The British Army took possession of London's temporary Waterloo Bridge when this was dismantled in 1943 (see illus. in page 311, Vol. 7). Now the spans have gone to Holland to be utilized in repairing bridges destroyed by the Germans. At Oosterbeek, near Arnhem (top), the work is already begun; "Waterloo" sections are seen in the left background. A closer view shows one span on piles ready to be erected (left), and (above) the painters at work on another section in its new setting.

Photographs exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

"By Air to Battle"

Reviewed by HAMILTON FYFE

THE Men in the Red Berets — how people stared after them when they were first seen in the streets! "What are they?" "They're airborne troops," was the answer.

Exactly what they did few could tell, but it was certainly something that called for nerve and courage of a high degree. Gradually the red berets became more numerous and more familiar. The nature of the duties required of their wearers was more fully known. Whether they were parachutists who dropped from aircraft in flight or passengers in gliders that floated down after being released by their "tugs," these duties evidently exposed them to dangers and difficulties of an alarming and harassing kind. Alarming, at any rate, to the civilian mind, which could not know how parachuting became after a short time as much a matter of routine as sloping arms or forming threes.

WHAT specially struck people with vivid imaginations was not so much the drop itself as the need for intense alertness and perhaps an instant plunge into battle as soon as ground was reached. One could fancy the thrill of leaving the plane, the swift fall until the parachute opened, then the swaying downward motion and the alighting on earth once more, with feet kept close together so as to avoid shock as much as possible. That would be an interesting, exciting experience—if that were the end of it, and if one could jump up and say, "Well, that's all right!" But to jump up and find yourself under fire, to know that the drop was only the prelude to hard fighting, to be obliged after a bumpy landing to collect your wits and set about dealing with an enemy who has you at a disadvantage for the moment —that is a very different sort of adventure and one that takes a lot of getting used to.

A Tough and Variegated Crowd

Clearly, therefore, the training of parachutists for war must be long and severe. A good many who started it had to be rejected, not for any fault or foolishness but because of temperamental unsuitability. In the Official Account of the British Airborne Divisions published under the title By Air to Battle (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s.) this training is described. It was beyond question the right kind, for it had the best possible results. It was altered, developed and improved as fresh experience was gained and as the "almost total lack of the equipment necessary" was overcome. In "the stony hills of Africa, the dusty olive-yards of Sicily, the green pastures of Normandy, the trim fields and ordered woods of Holland" something new was learned, some theory proved or disproved. "The result was distilled into the essence of victory and poured over the Rhine."

WHAT the training aimed at from the first was to endow the parachute soldier with "high quality both of mind and body." That this was attained his achievements unmistakably showed. He was enrolled "in that splendid company to be found in all the Services who may properly be described as the *élite* of the nation." Much of the credit for this must go to the instructors, who belonged mostly to the Physical Training Branch of the R.A.F., a tough and variegated crowd which included a number of schoolmasters, professional footballers and boxers, a road cycle champion, a circus acrobat, a "Wall of Death" rider, and a male dancer from the ballet.

Why it was not until the middle of 1940 that the formation of a parachute corps began will no doubt be inquired into. The War Office had done next to nothing in this direction until Mr. Churchill, in June of that year, wrote that "we ought to have at least five thousand" and asked for "a note from the War Office on the subject." There was no excuse for the failure to take this matter seriously. The Russians had a trained force of parachutists in 1936. Lord Wavell saw in that summer 1,200 men with 150 machine-guns and 18 light field-guns drop from the skies during manoeuvres. "If I had not witnessed the descents," he said, when he returned to Britain, "I could not have believed such an operation possible." Yet nothing was done, although it was known that in Germany also airborne forces were being organized and "great reliance placed on them to create confusion in the ranks of the enemy."

The New Arm Prepares for Action

As a consequence of the delay all sorts of experiments had to be made at first, causing many accidents. The warmest gratitude is due to the officers who in a short time managed to train and equip a fairly big force and work out a technique for the best employment of its capabilities. How little the importance of the task was at first realized is shown by the fact that a major was put in charge of the whole business. He had not previously studied it and he said "it was impossible to get any information (from the War Office) about it." Fortunately, Major (later Col.) J. F. Rock (portrait in this page) was a man of remarkable ability and vigour. By early spring of 1941 the new arm of the Service was ready for action on a small scale. An attack was made on an aqueduct in Southern Italy. This carried the main water supply to a population of some two millions in towns such as Brindisi, Taranto, and Foggia, where large numbers worked in dockyards and munition factories. It was decided to destroy a main pillar supporting the aqueduct and stop the flow of water.

This was actually done, but nevertheless the operation was a lamentable disappointment. To begin with, the damage was soon repaired. Further, one of the parties landed had to surrender because they lost their way after they had blown the pillar, while the other was dropped in the wrong place and was also captured. After this it was some twelve months before anything else was attempted. Meanwhile, the Germans showed in Crete "for the first time what a mass assault by parachutists and glider-borne troops could accomplish. True, the cost was very high. The Germans suffered enormous casualties," and if the British troops on the island could have been given air support, "there is little doubt that the airborne invasion would have failed." From its success, "many lessons of the highest importance were learned by those in command" on our side.

Col. J. F. ROCK, of the Royal Engineers, to whom was entrusted in June 1940 the task of organizing Britain's first airborne army. He was killed in action in October 1942.

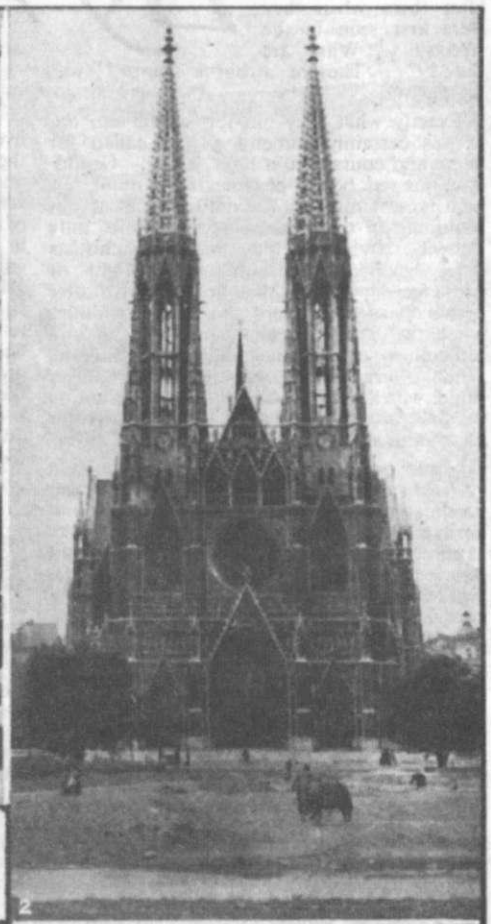
Some of these were useful when, in February 1942, a village near Havre was raided with the object of capturing a radiolocation installation. This was wanted for examination by our experts, so that they might know how accurate the process of detection had become. Again one of the parties was dropped in the wrong place. It could not be said that everything went "according to plan," but plans were rapidly altered to suit events and with a loss of one killed, seven taken prisoner and seven wounded, the result was considered worth while.

WHEN North Africa was invaded in 1942 parachute troops did grand work, but after a time they were needed more in the line than in the air, so they found themselves fighting as infantry. Very well they fought and many were the tales told of individual exploits and adventures. For example, a lieutenant named Street, visiting his forward posts on a scrub-covered hillside in the half light of dawn, heard movements and voices. He called out, "Be quiet! There may be Germans near," and he was right. Next moment he had a tommy-gun pressed against his stomach and was ordered to lead a German patrol to the headquarters of his battalion. Instead, he guided them to a company strong-point, from which fire was at once opened on them. He luckily escaped being hit, and took cover in a hollow, where he had for companion the German officer in command of the patrol. He lay still for a while, then he said suddenly, "Look out, my chaps are throwing grenades at us!" The German turned his head, Street hit him, took away his weapons, and reached the strong-point.

The Relief Which Never Arrived

The contribution made by airborne troops to Allied victory in Sicily, Italy, Normandy and Holland is recounted in detail here. Especially and painfully interesting is the description of the Battle of Arnhem and the explanation of the reasons for our failure to hold that town with its bridge across the Rhine. One was that the landings had to be made at several miles distance from the town so as to be beyond reach of the enemy's guns. While the men dropped were marching to Arnhem the Germans had time to prepare for them. The other reason was that German guns commanded the only road along which relief could be sent to the hard-pressed 1st British Airborne Division. The arrangement was that this relief should arrive within forty-eight hours; it never arrived at all. No advance could be made along the causeway, raised some feet above the surrounding marshy flat country. "Large stretches of it were under observation from higher ground, and it could be shelled at will so long as that ground remained uncaptured." Thus the division which started 10,000 strong, lost three-quarters of its numbers before its retreat to Nijmegen ended. "Someone had blundered." Even this official report admits that. (See also pages 461–466.)

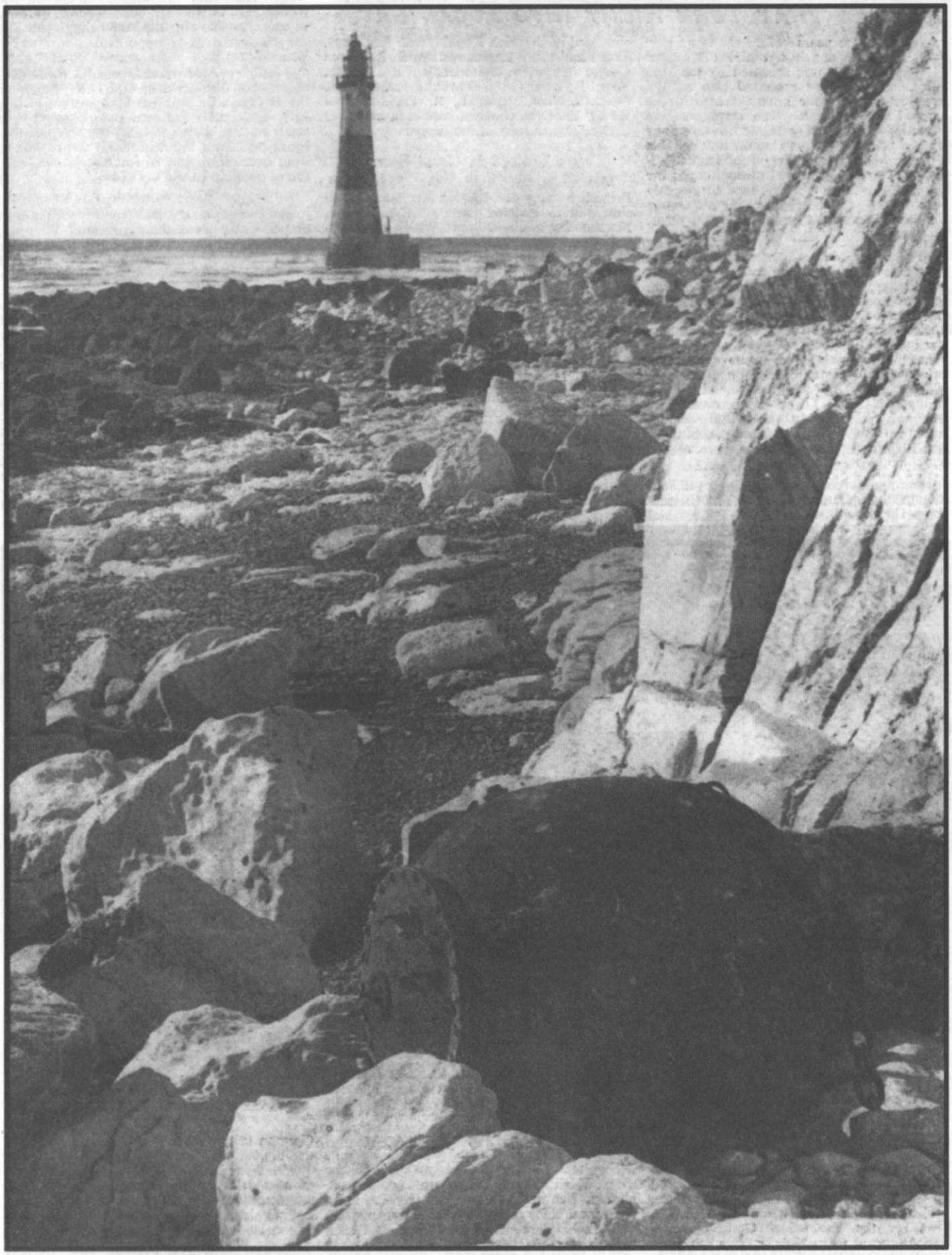
Gone is the Gaiety Now from Old Vienna



THE VIENNESE WALKED TO WORK during the autumn of 1945, as this morning rush-hour photograph (1) shows. St. Stephen's Cathedral (2) is virtually undamaged. Freed by the Soviets in April, the citizens in October were still hungry for news (3). Outside the Opera House (4) was placed one of many poster-portraits of Stalin. Troops at right and centre are Soviet military police.

Photos exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

The Mine is Still a Peril of Our Coasts



PERILOUS FLOTSAM OF THE GALES which swept Britain in late October lay this unexploded mine at the foot of Beachy Head, near Eastbourne in Sussex. It was one of hundreds which the sea flung up around our coasts, to be rendered harmless by special working-parties of the Royal Navy (see story in page 473). For a day and a night it had tossed heavily about in the wind-lashed water, endangering the famous lighthouse at the base of the rugged chalk cliffs which tower to the height of 500 feet.

Photo, Keystone

Now It Can Be Told!

TANKS THAT TURN NIGHT INTO LOCAL DAY

About three years before the war a new invention, consisting mainly of a special searchlight, was accepted by the War Office. It was later mounted into a tank turret and called, for security reasons, the Canal Defence Light. The inventors had succeeded in mounting inside the cramped confines of a tank turret a power unit capable of producing a light of several million candle-power. This was projected through a narrow slot and produced a flat beam of roughly fantail shape, which would cover a frontage of about 350 yards at a range of 1,000 yards.

The light could not be extinguished by small arms fire, although, of course, it was as vulnerable to anti-tank devices as any other tank turret. And it had flicker devices which, the inventors claimed, would dazzle onlookers and might induce temporary blindness by causing paralysis of the eye's retina. The War Office bought this invention and set up a research and training establishment in Cumberland under the command of Col. R. S. Ollington, O.B.E., who was assisted by Mr. A. V. M. Mitzakis (until recently Technical Adviser to the Ministry of Supply), and Mr. F. W. Hill, M.B.E., a specialist in searchlight construction.

Here was trained first the 11th Royal Tank Regiment and later the 35th Tank Brigade (Brig. H. T. de B. Lipscomb, R.T.R.), which consisted of the 49th Royal Tank Regiment, 152nd and 155th Regiments Royal Armoured Corps. Later, in the Middle East, the 1st Tank Brigade (Brig. T. R. Price, D.S.O., M.C., R.T.R.), consisting of 11th and 42nd Royal Tank Regiments, was converted to C.D.L. and trained in the desert.

Crews Trained in Great Secrecy

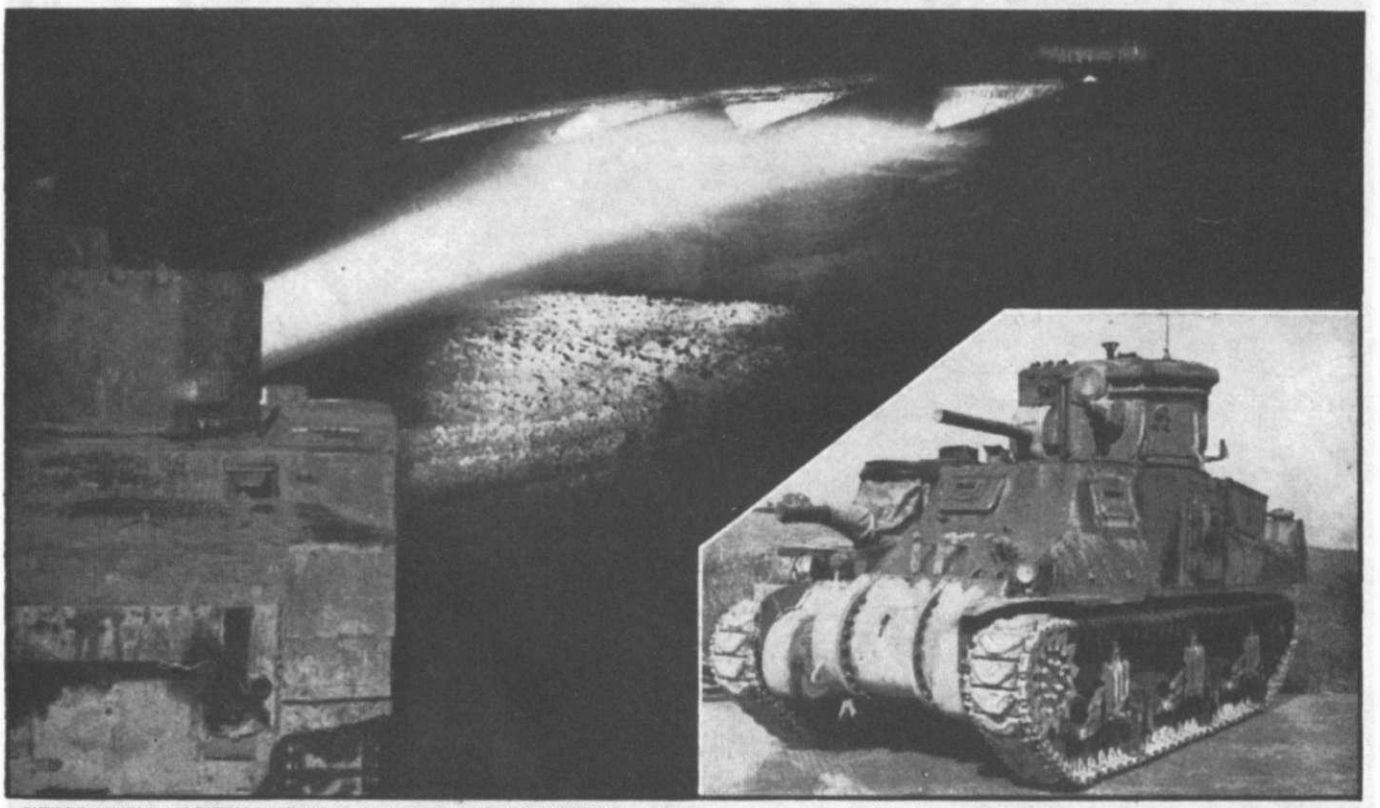
Meanwhile, at home, the 35th Tank Brigade became part of 79th Armoured Division and in isolated parts of Cumberland, Northumberland and South Wales, the training of tank crews continued, first on specially converted Matildas and Churchills, later on American Grants. The training took place under conditions of great secrecy, and it is to the credit of the School and regiments concerned and of the local inhabitants that no word of its existence reached German ears.

During the months of training before D-Day it was found that some of the earlier claims had been a little extravagant, but that C.D.L. had two definite advantages worth exploiting. When C.D.L. tanks were used to light up a wide front they could turn night into local day and thus enable the pursuit of a defeated enemy to continue throughout the 24 hours. The aimed fire-power of the tanks themselves, even if not augmented by infantry, ordinary tanks and artillery, was impressive: direction-keeping on a night advance or assault was greatly facilitated and might prove decisive against an enemy on the run. Also they provided by night an improvement on the age-old adage of warfare, namely, attack with the sun behind you and in the eyes of your opponent.

Production of these special turrets continued in America and the U.K. American units were also trained, and both they and the 1st Tank Brigade—now consisting of the 11th, 42nd and 49th Royal Tank Regiments—went to the Continent shortly before the break-out from the Normandy bridge-head. That operation went so fast that it was not found possible to use C.D.L.

At a later stage, however, one squadron joined the ranks of 79th Armoured Division, and under the command of Major P. Gardner played a very useful role in the Rhine and Elbe crossings in protecting the bridges and ferries from floating mines and saboteurs. In the former they accounted for three enemy "Frogmen" and a considerable quantity of floating objects, including what was probably a midget submarine and a number of mines, intended to destroy the bridges over the Rhine so vital for reinforcement of our troops.

That is the story of C.D.L. to date. It has never been used in a mobile role against the enemy, although, had the special tanks been available, definite opportunities for its use presented themselves during the break-out from the bridge-head south of Caen, during the pursuit through France, the canal crossings in Holland, the fighting in the Reichswald Forest and crossings of the Rhine and Elbe.

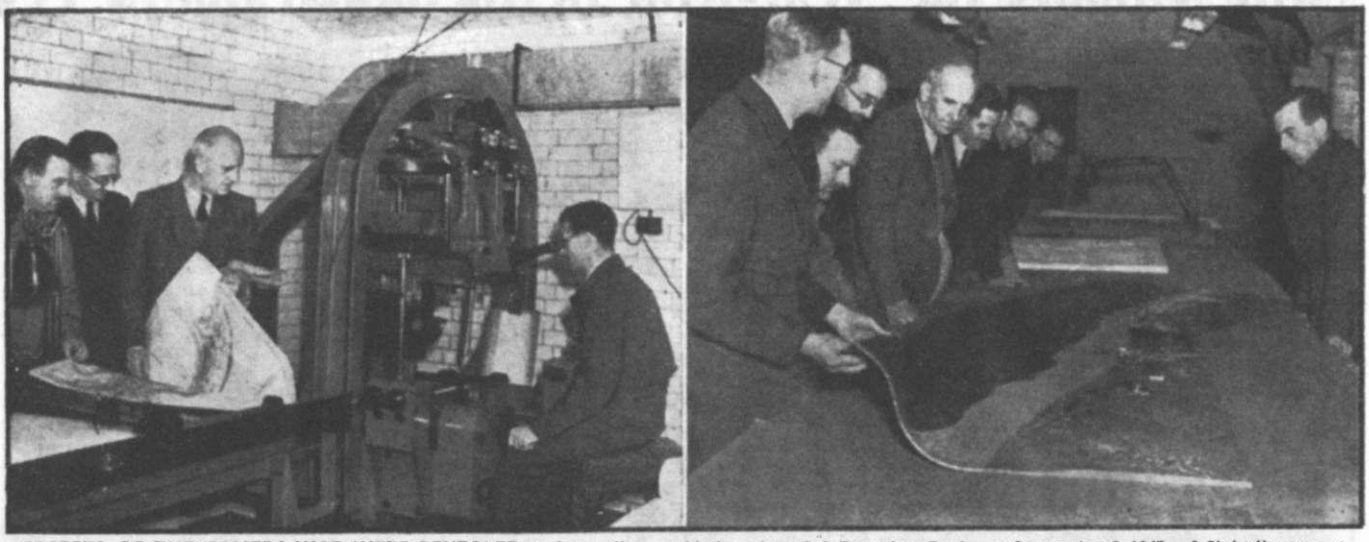


FITTED WITH A BRITISH "CANAL DEFENCE LIGHT" TURRET a U.S. Army Grant tank (left) lightens the darkness with its millions-candle-power beam. In the background across the valley can be seen the beams of other tanks similarly equipped. A front view (right) of a Grant with a C.D.L. turret; it mounts a dummy anti-tank gun, by the side of which is the vertical slit through which the light operates. *Photos, British Official*

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE DEPT. IN ACTION

One of the big secrets of the war was the part played by specially produced newspapers under the direction of the Psychological Warfare division of S.H.A.E.F. News for the Troops, a German newspaper designed to provide a first-class news service direct to the enemy forces in France, came into being two months before D-Day. Delivery was carried out by Lancasters, Mosquitoes, Flying Fortresses and Liberators, which took off daily from Cheddington airfield, Bucks, to fly over the German lines in France. They carried special bombs packed with newspapers which burst and scattered their contents at 1,000 feet. At first 200,000 copies came off the presses daily. On D-Day a special edition of a million copies gave the German soldier his first authentic account of the biggest military event in history.

When the Allies crossed the Rhine nine months later, News for the Troops was supplemented by Shaef, a paper brought out to help in the control of liberated prisoners, displaced persons and German civilians by giving them day-to-day information and instructions. It was printed in English, French, German, Polish and Russian, and its circulation rose to the million mark.



SECRETS OF THE CAMERA-WAR WERE REVEALED to journalists at Medmenham R.A.F. station, Bucks, on September 9, 1945. A flight-lieutenant demonstrated the photogrammetric equipment (left) which produces accurate maps from aerial photographs ("two photographs go inside, a handle is turned, and out come the maps," said the officer). Famous wartime reconnaissance pilots are now photographing Britain from the air at the request of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. D-Day forces were "briefed" with synthetic rubber models of the Normandy coast—some 340 of them—also constructed from R.A.F. photographs and shown publicly (right) for the first time at Medmenham. *Photos, British Official*

In the Far Eastern theatre, too, the Psychological Warfare Dept. won the fight for native support by combining psychology with factual reports. The names of Fido and Pluto will be remembered for their part in the overthrow of the Nazis. Another set of initials—Felo (Far Eastern Liaison Office of Psychological Warfare)—will figure in records of the war against Japan. Felo's job was the composition and distribution of thousands of leaflets in pidgin-English for the natives of the Pacific Islands. Its propaganda. planned in conjunction with military operations, urged the natives not to work for the Japanese, to deny them food, and to assist Allied airmen shot down.

It had great successes. Leaflets used in landing operations caused at least 1,000 Japanese soldiers to surrender. And during one campaign there was a refusal of native labour to the Japanese, which forced them to use 1,000 front-line troops as carriers.

NAVY'S LITTLE SHIPS FOUGHT 780 ACTIONS

At last the splendid record of the Royal Navy's M.T.B.s, M.G.B.s, and M.L.s can be revealed. During the war in Europe, Coastal Forces performed the following feats: fought 780 actions with the enemy at sea; sank more than 500 enemy vessels; carried out nearly double the number of individual minelaying operations carried out by all other Naval minelayers; fired 1,169 torpedoes, scoring 301 certain or probable hits—a percentage better even than submarines; and shot down 32 enemy aircraft.

The cost of these successes was the loss in action of 170 Coastal Force craft. This "midget" Navy—the largest M.T.B. displaces only 120 tons—expanded a hundredfold in four years. At the outbreak of war there were only two flotillas of Coastal Force craft. In 1944 it employed 3,000 officers and 22,000 ratings. Over 1,200 craft were built in the United Kingdom and over 300 in the Empire and the United States. Over 90 per cent of Coastal Force officers were R.N.V.R. and the same percentage of ratings were "Hostilities Only."

With the Germans holding the French coast, the need for these little ships became acute. Mass production and prefabrication had to be used to a considerable extent. There was so much to be done that the "utility" M.L.s originally designed for anti-submarine work in coastal waters were also used as minelayers, minesweepers, convoy escorts, gunboats, smokelayers, air-sea rescue craft and for duties with Combined Operations.

Coastal Forces started their operational career in the Dunkirk evacuation and the fall of Holland. During that tense period they evacuated the Belgian Cabinet, Admiral Keyes, General Alexander and other notabilities. In the late part of 1940 the German E-boats appeared, and then began the four-year duel. In defending our convoys, gunboats, torpedo-boats and motor launches sank 48 E-boats and mauled twice that number.

The Navy's contribution to the famous raid on St. Nazaire was exclusively from Coastal Forces, with the exception of H.M.S. Campbeltown, the destroyer which rammed and exploded at the dock gates. Of the 18 small craft that went into the attack only four came back. In the latter half of 1942, M.T.B. operations were carried for the first time into the fjords of Norway. Raids from the Shetlands entailed long sea passages in severe weather conditions and a stay of often several days hidden amongst the fjords.

In a "cat-and-mouse" campaign in the waters of the Adriatic and Aegean, M.T.B.s developed the technique of boarding enemy vessels and capturing them. During the Invasion of France, a total of 28 M.T.B. flotillas were in operation at home.

In their most successful year, 1944, Coastal Forces averaged more than one action a day over the whole twelve months, actually having 378 engagements with the enemy. In one week working with destroyers during the evacuation of Le Havre by the Germans, Coastal Forces destroyed 20 ships without loss to themselves, In the final stages of the European War, Coastal Forces had to counter midget U-boats; of 81 midgets sunk or captured, Coastal Forces claimed 23.

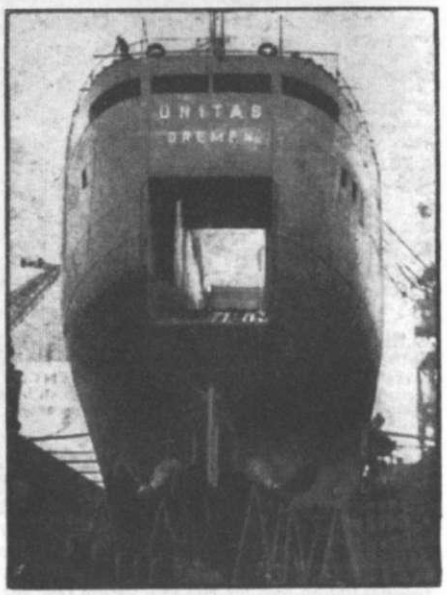
WHALERS THAT THE NAZIS COULD NOT CATCH

Throughout the war in Europe the great wastes of the Antarctic ice floes were the background for one of the greatest sea hunts on record. Scandinavian captains using their skill to save their ships and vital cargoes, outwitted Nazi raiders and warships in spite of the fact that the enemy used the latest scientific location devices.

This battle of wits was carried out across thousands of miles of the coldest seas in the world. It has ended (reports an Evening Standard correspondent) with the arrival in Norway of two Norwegian whaling factory ships after years of exile in the Antarctic. The British-built 14,000-ton whale factory, Sir James Clark Ross, has berthed at Sandefjord with a cargo of 17,000 tons of whale oil. She has been followed by the Torshammer, a 12,000-ton factory.

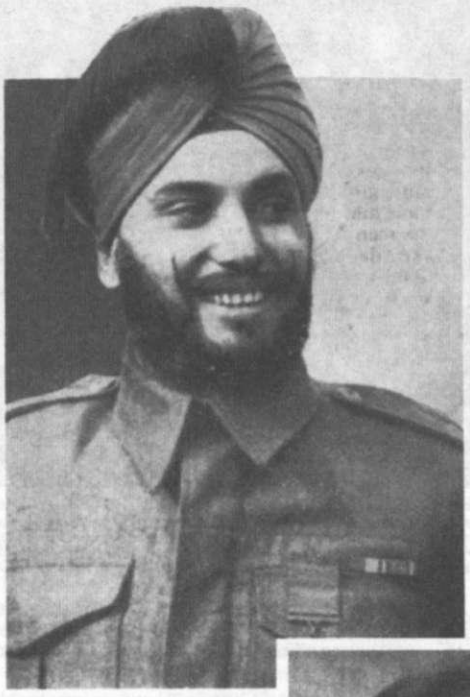
It was in 1939 that this vessel left Sandefjord. She has since made three expeditions to the Antarctic, and three to Peru. Both these giant whalers have eluded the Nazi warships on every run. So determined were the Nazis to stop this trade that they sent out a special expedition in 1941 and eventually reached the Antarctic.

Several whale ships were taken, but the Sir James Clark Ross and the Torshammer, assisted by British intelligence code messages, eluded capture. Now peace has come in the Antarctic. The scene is changing. Two German floating factories operated by British firms will voyage south this season. There will also be two complete British expeditions working side by side with Norwegians.



GERMAN WHALE SHIP Unitas, captured at Hamburg and renamed Empire Victory, underwent a refit at Southampton. This stern view shows the opening through which the "catch" is dragged. *Photo, Planet News*

Still Mounts the War-Roll of Incomparable V.C.s



Naik GIAN SINGH
In command of a leading section of the 15th Punjab Regiment in Burma, in March 1945, Naik Gian Singh by "acts of supreme gallantry" enabled his platoon to capture two vital positions, saving many lives. Though wounded, he inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy.

Jemadar PARKASH SINGH
Attached to the 13th Frontier Force Rifles, Jemadar Parkash Singh was, in February 1945, in command of a company in Burma. Though so severely injured that he could move only by means of his hands, he continued to rally his men to victory till he died.

Rfm. BHANBHAGTA GURUNG
Serving with the 2nd Gurkha Rifles in Burma in March 1945, Rifleman Bhanbhagta Gurung, showing complete disregard for his own life, cleared five enemy positions single-handed, using grenades and his kukri.

Major ANDERS LASSEN
In Italy in early April 1945, Major Lassen, M.C. (right) was ordered to make a dangerous diversionary night raid on the shore of Lake Comacchio. In face of overwhelming enemy superiority he achieved his object—the wiping out of three positions. He was killed by a hail of bullets.

Lt. WILLIAM B. WESTON
This young officer of the Green Howards (left) won the supreme award while serving with the West Yorkshire Regiment in Burma in March 1945, when his battalion was leading the attack on Meiktila. He withdrew the pin from a grenade as he lay wounded, thus killing himself and surrounding Japanese—"an example seldom equalled."

Sqd-Ldr. I. W. BAZALGETTE, D.F.C.
The third member of the R.A.F. Pathfinder Force to win the V.C., Squadron-Leader Bazalgette met his end in a daring raid on Troissy St. Maximin, France, on August 4, 1944. Though his plane was wrapped in flames he pressed on gallantly to the target, marking and bombing it accurately

Sergeant AUBREY COSENS
At Mooshof, Holland, on February 26, 1945, this young N.C.O. of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada was mortally wounded after killing at least twenty of the enemy and taking an equal number of prisoners, resulting in the capture of a vital position. He showed "outstanding gallantry" after his platoon commander had been killed.

W/O. NORMAN C. JACKSON
The 20th V.C. of the R.A.F., this London-born flight-engineer in a Lancaster attacking Schweinfurt, Germany, on April 26, 1945, though badly burned on face and hands, attempted to extinguish the flames of his blazing aircraft by climbing out on to the wing when travelling at 200 m.p.h.

Photos, British and Canadian Official, Topical, G.P.U., The Daily Mirror, Associated Press, Elliott and Fry

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

I Saw the Navy 'Killing' Washed-Up Mines

The great autumn gales that swept our shores provided dangerous work for the R.M.S. (Rendering Mines Safe) squads of the Royal Navy. This story of the men in action was sent from Hayling Island, Hampshire, on October 28, 1945, by The Daily Mail reporter Murray Edwards.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. E. WADSLEY, D.S.C., G.M. and Bar, leaned over a 6-cwt. canister of T.N.T. on the beach here today and said to his assistant, A.B. Leslie Blood, "Cotton waste and paraffin, please." He rammed the waste into a hole in the high explosive, saturated it with paraffin, and yelled, "Run, boys!"

I ran with them. Looking round, I saw the Commander throw a lighted match, stand calmly watching till the black smoke began to curl upwards, then stroll towards me. I know now why he got those decorations. "She may blow up and she may not," he told me when he caught up. "It's just as well to be on the safe side." He had just attended to the half-ton mine that might have crippled the Queen Mary, which lay hove-to less than a mile away for more than 48 hours until she was able to dock yesterday. Nearly half of the mine was half-inch steel, complicated electrical gear, springs and switches. The other half was raw explosive.

PEACETIME clerk in an oil company, Lieut.-Commander Wadsley, is one of the Navy's "Rendering Mines Safe" officers, the opposite number to the Army's Bomb Disposal men. Last week's gale started the war all over again for the men who call their Nissen hut headquarters H.M.S. Vernon.

Earlier, I visited the hut, in the woods behind a house called West Leigh, near Havant, and talked with the Mine Disposals Chief, Commander J. G. D. Ouvry, D.S.O., who trains the men who make the mines harmless (see story and illus. p. 124, Vol. 7). He told me that for the next 20 years moored mines which have come adrift will be a menace all round the coast of Britain.

"Since the gale started last week," he said, "we have dealt with 72 mines, 30 of them in the Brighton area, and our ground extends only from Lyme Regis to Harwich." Two of the mines were found today, one of them at Dymchurch, 10 miles west of Folkestone, and the other at Littlestone-on-Sea, a few miles farther to the west.

Blazing Mound of High Explosive

Somewhere between the British coast and Europe there are 30,000 mines of all types, and only a few thousand have been recovered. The others, moored mines that might have come adrift in rough weather and through the wire mooring rope getting "tired" and snapping, magnetic mines, and mines covered with a thin film of mud on the sea bed, will be a menace to shipping for years. If the storm which is said to be on the way breaks soon, it is certain that scores more mines will be washed up. The R.M.S. officers of H.M.S. Vernon know that they are in for a busy time.

I went yesterday with one of the Rendering Mines Safe teams to the most exposed parts of the beach here. A long way off we saw the rusty mine high up on the beach. Lieut.-Commander Wadsley, with his three pupils and two A.B.s, most of them wearing medal ribbons for bravery, lost no time in getting down to work.

For an hour I watched them twist and turn the rusty nuts holding the plug of the mine. Sometimes a stubborn one had to be knocked off with a hammer and a chisel, and I wanted to run. Then, when the plug was off at last, the Commander fiddled about inside with his head on one side. He said, "Got it!" when he withdrew his arm, and I saw that "it" was a 2-oz. gadget which works the mine.

They rolled the sinister canister nearer to the water's edge and left the steel shell for the local authorities to take away for salvage.

As he worked, the youthful Commander told me about his job and assured me that T.N.T. has to be detonated to blow up. "But it can play tricks," he said. "It is not likely to explode, so we burn it, but just in case of accident, we do the job as far away from houses as possible."

I watched the yellow mound of blazing high-explosive throwing out sparks like a giant fire-cracker. It burned fiercely for 30 minutes, then spluttered out . . . another mine gone. The A.B.s picked up the bag of tools and went away to the next "job." All the men of the R.M.S. are volunteers. They like danger. Lieut.-Commander Wadsley told me as I left, "I shall miss it all. I am to be demobbed in a month."

ROPING A LIVE MINE washed up at Hastings by an October gale to prevent its detonation against the concrete anti-invasion obstructions was all in the day's work for the Royal Navy R.M.S. squad. The Lieutenant who roped it is sprinting for the upper beach as another great wave is about to break on the shore. See also illus. page 469. *Photo, Sport & General*

A Commando's Farewell to His Green Beret

The disbanding of Army Commandos and the withdrawal of the famous green beret as an Army head-dress was announced on October 25, 1945. The spirit which imbued them during their five-and-a-half years' existence is the subject of this "farewell" (reprinted from The Evening Standard) by Lt.-Col. A. C. Newman, V.C., hero of St. Nazaire (see also page 185).

WE all knew the day would have to come—the day of the end of the Green Beret—and come soon after the end of hostilities. To those of us in the Army who have worn the green beret it is a sad day, but a glorious one. For we all feel that, although disbanded, we leave something behind. To hear the announcement made in the House of Commons that the lessons we learnt are to be incorporated into Regular Army training is enough.

The Commando soldier will also look back over these years of war with a much deeper feeling. I cannot put into words the high regard I, and I am certain all other commanding officers of the Commandos, feel for those officers and men who gave us such loyalty, unfailing support and friendship. The Commando meant so very much more to us than just the fighting aspect.

Far too much has been said about the Commando soldier being tough or a roughneck. From the very first day when Commandos were being organized, and the opportunity was given to collect together volunteers from the Army, the main characteristics of the force were the spirit of adventure and the spirit of the offensive. The volunteers were very ordinary young soldiers, and it was only by the build-up in training of the ideals and the spirit which afterwards meant so much to us all, that a force emerged with characteristics of its own.

Every man knew that unless he lived up to the standards required he would be returned to his unit. That was the worst punishment that any Commando could have; R.T.U. were the three most dreaded letters in the alphabet in the early days of the Commando. They soon attained by intensive training and freedom of movement and thought a new kind of fitness, physical and mental, with every man thinking for himself, self-confident, and with power to reason things out for himself.

Growing with this was a spirit of comradeship in each Commando, which soon formed into a bond of friendship between officer and man never to be broken down. Each Commando was a large family with a mutual

COMMANDOS went ashore from landing-craft on Walcheren Island, near Flushing (right) at dawn on November 1, 1944—scene of one of the major triumphs of these gallant and war-toughened troops, the announcement of whose disbandment was made on October 26, 1945

The first assault was head-on against Flushing, the greater part of which was in our hands by nightfall. Recollections of the men with the Green Beret are recorded here by Lieut.-Col. Augustus C. Newman, V.C. See also illus. page 431.

Photo, British Official

trust, firm and unshakable in any conditions. Without such a bond of friendship it would have been impossible to carry through our ideals, and overcome the obstacles subsequently met in action.

This is not the time or place to set out the various and multitudinous details of training; sufficient to say that Commando training was to a very great extent worked up by experiment and suggestions from all ranks, everyone thinking out for himself a possible way of overcoming any difficulty. Whatever the suggestion the Commando tried it out, and if it proved useful at once adopted it into the training programme.

One thing is certain; this day may be the official breaking up of Army Commandos, but the friendships gained, the mutual comradeships felt by all ranks towards each other, and the unstated but nevertheless firm resolve not to lose contact, will go on.

I would like to feel that—during these coming years when we, as a nation, are facing times as serious as those of five years ago—it must be possible to fuse into industry, business life, and all our civilian jobs, something akin to that spirit of service and determination, that closeness and mutual trust between officer and man in the Commandos. Already in industry appears that breakdown between employer and employee which is so undermining to progress.

The times that we are passing through are far too grave to permit this to happen. If it is possible in war for a body of men to understand each other and to make themselves, by understanding and determination, a force to be reckoned with, then surely it is possible to achieve the same results in peace. It is just as necessary to the welfare and safe keeping of the country.

We Brought Dido and Her Precious Gold to Egypt

With her gun-barrels red-hot from continuous firing, the British cruiser Dido evacuated thousands of pounds worth of gold coins belonging to the Bank of Greece from Crete to Egypt in May 1941. The story has now been released for publication as told to Reuters correspondent by Commander H. G. Dickinson, R.N., now commander of an aircraft carrier.

We had just taken a convoy of reinforcements to Suda Bay. It was pretty nasty and bombs were coming down all around. We received a signal—"Come inside the harbour and embark gold." We moved in, and were met by a little corvette loaded to the Plimsoll line with great heavy boxes of gold which were to be taken back to Egypt.

We decided to stow the boxes in one of the magazines forward, but just as we were opening the hatch another air-raid developed.

As Stukas screamed over the harbour, the ship's company dropped the boxes and leapt to action stations. One box went hurtling to the bottom of the magazine and burst open. The rest we stored when time and Stukas permitted. Then we forgot them.

We set sail for Egypt in company with some destroyers and a small merchant ship of some 8,000 tons carrying 400 wounded men. This little ship, captained by a Scots skipper, nearly proved our undoing. At dawn we entered the Kaso Straits, only about eight miles from the German's nearest airfield. The merchantman was having trouble with her engines and lagged behind. We signalled her and received no reply.

Then the awful thing happened: she gave up the ghost and stopped dead. We went alongside and asked the skipper through the loud hailer what was the matter. A very dour Scots voice bellowed through a megaphone, "We've broken down. I cannot be getting any reply from my engine-room!"

The sun was getting up, and any moment we knew the Stukas would be over. Our commanding officer, Capt. H. W. U. McCall, D.S.O. (now captain of H.M.S. Howe) sent a hurried signal to the merchantman: "Have all your wounded ready for disembarking immediately. If you are not away in ten minutes we propose to torpedo you."

This seemed too much for the dour Scot. Within an incredibly short time smoke was belching from the steamer's funnels and she was sprinting ahead at about 16 knots—well above her normal speed. And she still sent us no signal.

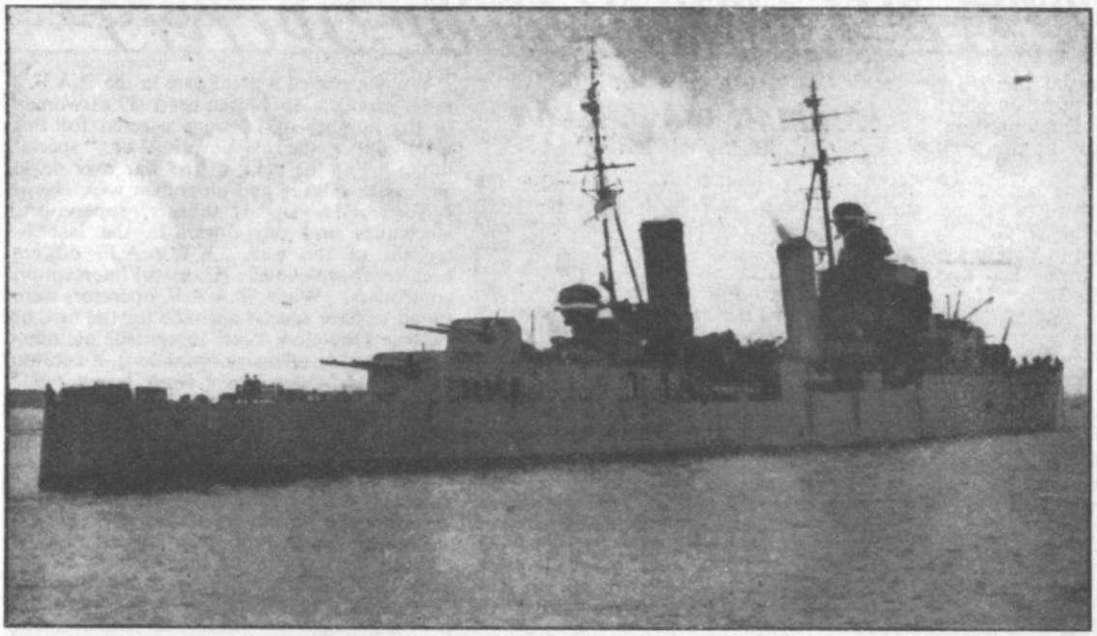
Then the Stukas came over. Screaming out of the sun, they dived down on the convoy. Our guns barked into action. One stick of bombs fell right round the merchant ship and she disappeared from view, hidden by gigantic cascades of water. We thought she'd had it and waited breathlessly. But she came steaming through placidly.

It was then we received the only signal of the entire voyage from the Scot. We spelled out one word—"Phew!" All that day we were attacked, time and again, by high level Italian bombers and Stuka dive bombers. But we weren't hit. Dido's gun crews were at continuous action stations and her gun-barrels became red-hot with firing.

It was only when we arrived in Alexandria and found lorries waiting on the quayside,

Cmdr. H. G. DICKINSON, R.N., who here relates the story of how H.M.S. Dido (illus. in facing page) successfully transported gold to Egypt in 1941. *Photo, British Official*

Capt. H. W. U. McCall, D.S.O., R.N., former commanding officer of the cruiser Dido (see accompanying story) now captain of the battleship H.M.S. Howe. *Photo, British Official*



H.M.S. DIDO, 5,450-ton British cruiser (see accompanying story), probably saw more Mediterranean action during the war than any other British cruiser, barring the Penelope. She took part in landings in Sicily in 1943 and Southern France in 1944, and formed part of our naval force which accepted the surrender of the Prinz Eugen and other units of the German fleet in Copenhagen in May 1945. *Photo, British Official*

and a regiment of battle-dressed soldiers tramping up the gangway that we remembered the valuable cargo we had been carrying. We had completely forgotten about the gold. The boxes were scattered all round the place—in the mess deck, in the canteen flat, in passages leading forward.

We checked up and found four missing. One was found in the stoker petty officers' mess, another under a side of beef in the butchers' shop, and another in the sick bay underneath an injured seaman. The fourth, I remembered, had been dropped hurriedly down a magazine hatch. I ordered a seaman to go down and sweep the contents up with a broom, and he poured the coins into an empty mailbag. We handed the whole lot over to the port accountant officer, who carefully counted the contents. There were only two pieces of gold missing!

Tricked by the Royal Navy's Invisible Ships

There were complaints during the war that the escort vessels guarding the North Atlantic convoys could not see one another. These were complaints against perfection! Secrets of this effective camouflage were revealed to The Daily Telegraph Naval Correspondent Cmdr. Kenneth Edwards, R.N.

ADMIRALTY scientists and sailors had spent months in evolving a camouflage scheme which would render the vessels virtually invisible under the conditions of moon and visibility which the U-boats chose for their mass attacks. It emanated from the Art Gallery at Leamington Spa, at one end of which there is a shallow tank where scale models of all types of ships are tested with varying forms of camouflage.

I met there, in the middle of England, an officer who could order, "Switch on the sun," or suggest "Let's have a three-quarter moon on the starboard quarter." The day remained dull and overcast, but the conditions produced in and over the tank were those which had been called for. It was possible at will to reproduce the day and night light conditions most likely to be met with in the Western Approaches, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, or the Pacific.

There were also arrangements which reproduced with great accuracy the degree of haze to be expected near the horizon at any time of the day in any latitude under normal weather conditions. The accurate reproduction of these factors has enabled the ships of the Royal Navy to be painted in accordance with a scientific and very effective scheme of camouflage.

THERE are two main principles in the camouflage of a ship at sea: to make her as invisible as possible under conditions of weather and light in which she is most likely to be in action, or look like something entirely different, or at least to disguise her course and speed. The latter system was much used in the 1914–18 war, but this time the naval experts tried to make ships invisible. They had considerable success, although the maximum of success can only be achieved after the enemy has shown the conditions under which he prefers to attack.

At Leamington I watched, as from an aircraft at about 1,700 ft., a battleship of the King George V class at a distance of 18 miles. The model was so painted that, under the usual conditions of light in the North Pacific, she was invisible through high-powered binoculars. Yet when the full and haze-free sunlight that prevails in the Mediterranean was shed on her she was obvious even at that long range.

White and Pale Blue Camouflage

Close study of the light conditions in various parts of the world, and during periods when enemy activity is most likely, led to the adoption of the almost pure white and pale blue camouflage of the convoy escorts in the Western Approaches. It was one of the most successful forms ever adopted. Lt.-Cmdr. Peter Scott, the seabird artist and Light Coastal Forces leader, had much to do with its evolution. Although invisibility under the conditions most likely to be encountered in action in a particular part of the world is the main principle on which British naval camouflage has been developed during the war, the other principle of deceiving the enemy has been by no means neglected, of course.

For instance, I found myself looking through high-powered binoculars at a model of a big fleet aircraft carrier. Haze, distance and twilight could not disguise what she was. Yet when an identical model, painted for the conditions of light obtaining, was substituted, I was quite convinced that I was looking at a Tribal class destroyer about eight miles away, instead of a carrier at fifteen miles.

Lt.-Cmdr. PETER SCOTT, R.N.V.R., artist-son of the famous Antarctic explorer, Light Coastal Forces leader and expert on Naval camouflage. **See adjoining column.**
Photo, British Official

★=*As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War*=★

1939

November 18. *Sinking of Dutch liner Simon Bolivar opened magnetic mine campaign.*
November 23. *Rawalpindi sunk in action with German pocket-battleship Deutschland.*

1940

November 11-12. *Fleet Air Arm made attack on Italian Navy in port of Taranto.*
November 14. *Heavy air raid on Coventry.*

1941

November 14. *H.M.S. Ark Royal sank off Gibraltar after torpedo hit on previous day.*
November 18. *Eighth Army under General Cunningham launched attack in Libya.*
November 22. *Germans entered Rostov-on-Don.*

1942

November 10. *Oran, naval station in French North Africa, captured by Allied troops.*
November 11. *Germans entered Unoccupied France in violation of armistice of 1940.*
November 19. *Russians attacked at Stalingrad.*

1943

November 20. *American troops landed on Makin and Tarawa atolls in the Gilbert Islands.*
November 22. *Cairo Conference opened between Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek.*

1944

November 12. *Battleship Tirpitz sunk in Tromso Fjord by R.A.F. bombers.*
November 19. *U.S. troops entered Metz.*

How R.A.F. Learn Radar Secrets

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

So that the ceaseless demand for radar for air navigation and other purposes will not be affected by demobilization, hard training continues today at the principal radar schools of the R.A.F. When the war began there was only one school for training in radar, situated at Bawdsey Manor, in Suffolk, in an area vulnerable to German air attack. It was soon moved to Yatesbury, in Wiltshire, where an aerodrome had first existed during the First Great War. There, during the remainder of the Second Great War, more than 25,000 men and women were trained in ground radar station work.

At Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, near the R.A.F. College, there was a school for training pupils in the use of airborne radar. During the high-pressure period of the war other airborne radar training schools were established at Prestwick, Ayrshire and South Kensington, London.

Air Commodore C. P. BROWN, C.B.E., D.F.C. and Bar, 47-year-old Director of Radar at the Air Ministry, was in control of one of Britain's largest secret training operations of the war.

More than half the radar mechanics who serviced the R.A.F. ground and airborne installations during the war were Canadian volunteers, and thousands of Canadian officers and men received their training at a secret radar school built at Clinton, Ontario, which was given the code-name "Problem." This school was built in a few months, with an electric-wired compound to protect the apparatus. It began work late in 1941.

BEFORE that time all Canadian volunteers crossed the Atlantic to receive training in the United Kingdom, and Air Commodore C. P. Brown, Air Ministry Director of Radar, said in August 1945, "It would not have been possible to meet the vital and increasing demands of radar in the latter part of 1940 and the following years without the knowledge that Canada was undertaking the recruiting and training of men in thousands to help us handle this immense weapon."

The control of this great and successful effort to train men and women in the application of a new and highly scientific branch of electronics was vested in the R.A.F. Technical Training Command, with wartime H.Q. in Wantage Hall, Reading University.

While recruits with a knowledge of wireless technique were most acceptable for enlistment for radar operation, it was necessary to accept large numbers who had little or no knowledge of radio beyond switching on a receiver and tuning in to broadcasting stations. These recruits had to be given an elementary training in electricity and wireless, and learn how batteries, condensers, resistances, chokes and valves are made and what they do. For this purpose *ab initio* courses were set up in 26 well-known technical colleges in England, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, and in 15 universities in Canada.

INSTRUCTORS Wrote Own Text-Books to Keep Pace with the Developments

The schools of the Command had to take over completely many of the new radar equipments after the first course had been given by the scientists of the Ministry of Aircraft Production's Tele-Communications Research Establishment at Malvern, Worcestershire. Development was so rapid that instructors had to write their own text-books, and were often only an instructional hour or so ahead of the pupils they taught.

Different schools developed different methods of demonstrating the circuits. At one, the basic systems were wired up on "bread-boards"—flat panels which the pupils could handle. At another, large coloured plans were placed in front of the classes, with key points lighting up at the touch of the instructor's switch. And there were "synthetic" trainers, in which the green echoes of the cathode ray tubes that indicate moving aircraft were artificially simulated. Wingless "fuselages" were used for teaching pupils to handle airborne radar.

R.A.F., Dominion, and Allied pupils (including many Americans before the United States entered the war) were trained at these schools. One great difficulty was the need for strict secrecy. The ground equipment of the Oboe set used for controlling Pathfinder aircraft when marking bomber targets was housed in a special hut called "Station Type 9000" at the Yatesbury School, and only those named on a printed list outside were admitted.

All documents used in the advanced schools had to be kept locked away. Pupils could not even take their notebooks away from the classrooms to study the complicated circuits and theoretical diagrams in their spare time. During urgent periods at Yatesbury, classes were held from early morning until late at night, and even right through the night.

Women played a great part in the R.A.F.'s radar service. In November 1939 airwomen to the number of 26 were selected for this work under the classification of "special duties." At the peak of the war over 4,000 W.A.A.F. officers and airwomen were classified as radar signals officers, supervisors, mechanics and operators. In the last 18 months of the war, 22 W.A.A.F. officers became conspicuously successful interception controllers. When W.A.A.F. operators were found to have special aptitude for the task of Fighter Direction, both in control of interception and in offensive operations, it became possible to release men from home radar service for radar service overseas. W.A.A.F. ground radar operators were found to be adept also at "seeing" ships.

The growing development of British radar indicated the necessity of blinding the enemy coastal radar chain to secure the greatest advantage from our own radar and to prevent German radar interception of the seaborne forces which were later to invade Normandy. The British group of radar scientists began to investigate this problem in July 1943, and their work was regarded as so secret that only four copies of their report were made, each marked "TOP SECRET."

WHY German Radar Failed on D-Day to Pinpoint the Main Allied Force

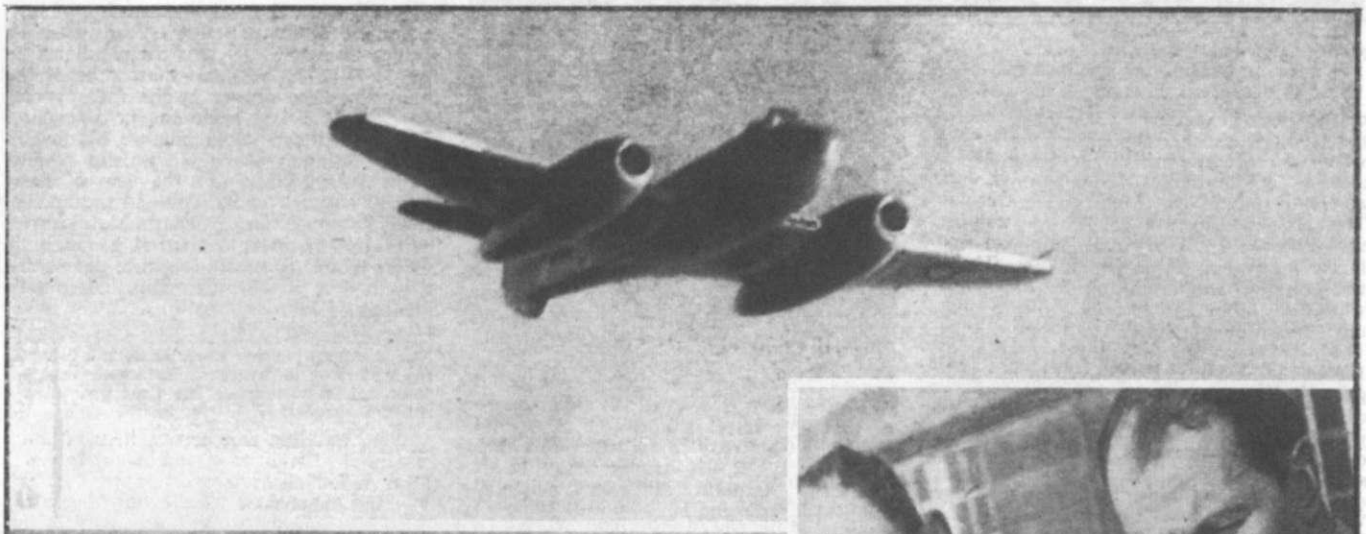
The scientists built a dummy radar installation, and British fighter pilots used many different types of ammunition in firing trials. A German radar aerial system captured in North African operations was rushed to Britain for the experiments.

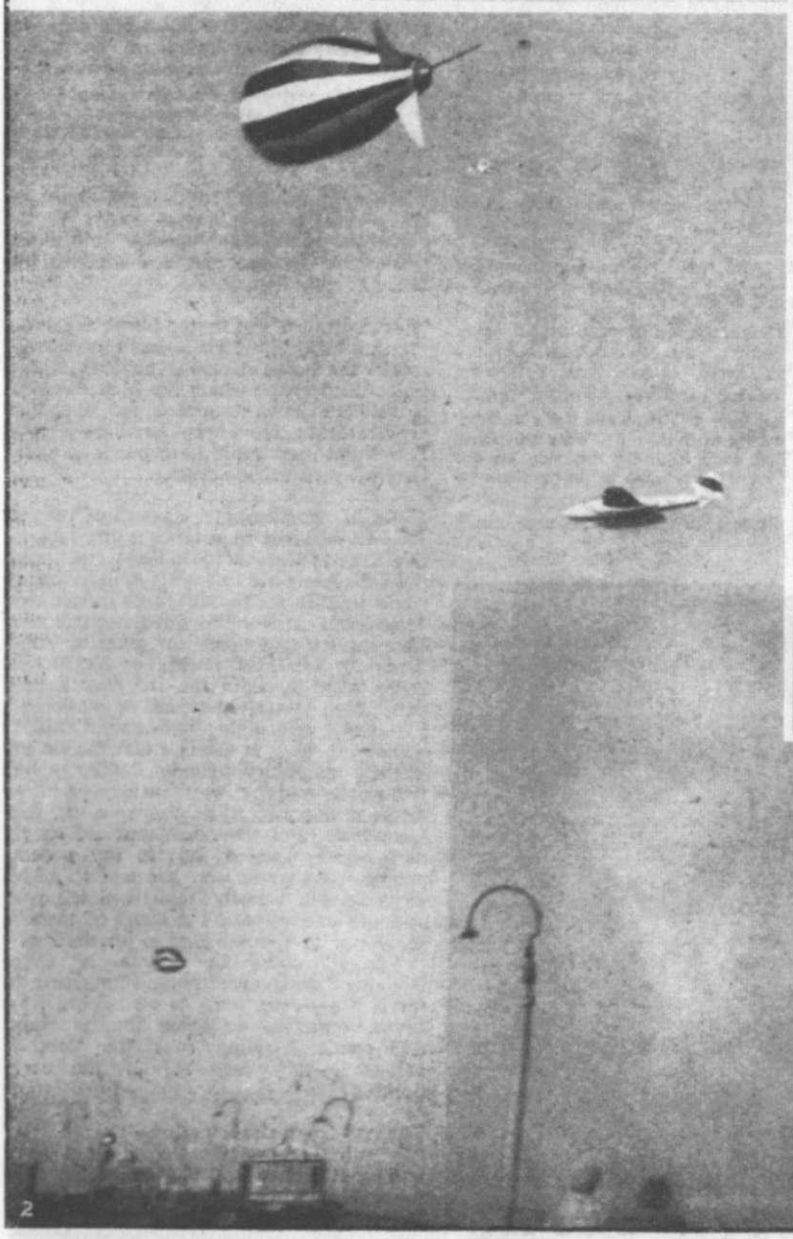
Ordinary ground-strafing by fighters was found to be an insufficiently crippling form of attack against German coastal radar stations, which were well protected by sandbag emplacements. The scientists' final recommendations were to attack first with rocket-firing fighters to blast a breach through the protection, and second with cannon-firing fighters firing explosive shells through the breach to wreck the delicate apparatus within. For stations wholly or partially underground dive or low-level bombing was recommended.

Their recommendations were put to immediate military use. German radar defences from Brest to Heligoland became the object of effective attack, and on D-Day German radar was totally unable to pinpoint the main Allied force. How important this was in achieving maximum tactical surprise can be appreciated by all who saw the array of ships that sailed the Channel on June 5, 1944.

"NIGHT FIGHTER PATROL FLIGHT" was the title of this lesson in flying tactics conducted in the model cockpit in the Trainer Room at the Tele-Communications Research Establishment, the R.A.F. radar research centre. In peacetime known as Great Malvern College, here was the wartime H.Q. of distinguished scientists. *Photos, British Official, Keystone*

Britain Recaptures World's Air Speed Record





TWO JET-PROPELLED METEOR IV AIRCRAFT were in October 1945 officially chosen for the British attack on the world's air speed record which stood at 469·2 m.p.h. set up in April 1939 by a Messerschmitt 109. Produced by the Gloster Aircraft Coy., these machines are each driven by two Rolls Royce Derwent V gas turbine power units. After protracted test flights "Britannia" (1) piloted by Group Captain H. J. Wilson, A.F.C. (3, right) broke the record on November 7 by attaining an average speed of 606 m.p.h. flying at 250 ft. over the three-kilometre course at Herne Bay, Kent, which was marked out by balloons (2). In the hands of Mr. Eric Greenwood (4) the companion Meteor averaged 603 m.p.h.

Photos, Planet News, G.P.U.

Editor's Postscript

THE news that the Codex Sinaiticus is to be on public view again in the British Museum reminds one of my assistants of an amusing experience. It was in the early nineteen-thirties, the morning of the day on which the Museum acquired (at a cost of almost half-a-million sterling) this most perfect of all our New Testament manuscripts. The purchase had been made from Arcos—the Soviet Government's international trading house—and the Museum Director's Room was seething with erudition and Muscovite whiskers. For the first time in history a talkie-recording apparatus had been installed. The world's Press was there, in strength. Just as the precious parcel, fresh from Leningrad, was about to be handed over and the cameras were ready to click, a very young journalist in search of a " scoop " buttonholed one of the Museum's most distinguished scholars and, nodding mysteriously in the direction of the Codex, inquired in a whisper, " Has it . . . has it been translated yet ? " The scholar with difficulty held his ground. Then, with just the faintest trace of a smile on his lips, he answered, in the stagiest of stage whispers, " There are two very excellent translations. One is known as the Authorized, and the other the Revised. You ought to read them—some day." And he turned again to face the camera-lights, still containing himself miraculously.

A BRITISH missionary on leave in Bombay has been describing life today among the Gonds, the " forgotten tribes " of India. Cut off from the outside world, he says, they have never heard of the war, of Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, Churchill or Roosevelt. The only modern development of interest to them is the flight of R.A.F. transport planes over their jungles. These, they believe, carry Queen Victoria looking at their lands, for Queen Victoria is the last personality they have heard of. One wonders whether to congratulate or commiserate with the Gonds. On the whole, congratulation, I think, has it. Not to have heard of the atomic bomb—even at the expense of being a Gond—must nowadays be reckoned something of an achievement. I commend the notion to the delicate pencil of Sir Max Beerbohm.

IN Robert Federn's Peace, Prosperity, International Order (Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.) I seem to detect this faint glint of hope for a sadly shattered world :

> In Nature's eyes the rule of a despot is proof that something is wrong in the moral life of society . . . Sometimes it took centuries for a nation to get rid of despots, as was the case in Tzarist Russia. Compared with the duration of Tzarism in Russia the reaction of the world against Hitler and Mussolini was relatively rapid. Is that a reason for hope ?

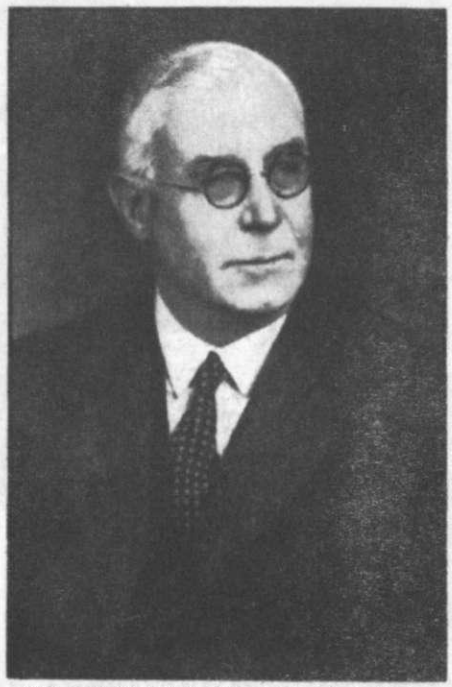
I AM wondering what the etymologists of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the Society for Pure English, will have to say of the newest word in our language—"Genocide." It occurs in Count 3 of the United Nations' indictment of the Nazi leaders due for trial at Nuremberg, and has been specially coined to describe the " systematic and purposeful " extermination of whole nations practised by the Hitler gang. The etymologists, if they run true to form, will probably object to the word on the grounds that it commits the (etymologically) unforgivable sin of combining both Greek (genos, a race or tribe) and Latin (cide, killing) in one word. And the fact that it is the work of an American—Professor Raphael Lemkin, of Duke University—will hardly make it more palatable. My own objection to the word is that its slender vowels suggest the name of a patent mouthwash rather than the vilest crime in the whole of universal history. One has only to imagine what word the ancient Greeks would have found for it, or indeed the Germans themselves, to realize how far short of the mark " Genocide " falls.

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S performance in the W. B. Yeats translation of Sophocles' Oedipus, which has set the town talking, reminds me of a witticism of the type which only the Eireann capital produces. When the news that Yeats (who knew no Greek) had made the translation was announced to a famous Dublin wit, he looked up from his glass and asked, " From what into what ? "

TURNING out some ageing papers the other day, I rescued an odd souvenir of that lamentable first winter of the war. It was the Ministry of Information's threepenny pamphlet, its maiden essay in that line, called Assurance of Victory, which was published at the end of November 1939. To open it was to be carried back in a flash to the exasperations and follies of the " phoney war " period ; to the time when a Cabinet Minister, visiting our troops on the Belgian border, announced, " We are winning this war comfortably." In the light of subsequent events the final word in that complacent statement seems to have been the operative one. At that time we were all encouraged to feel far more comfortable than the right hon. gentleman and his colleagues had any right to allow us to feel. On the one hand they put out a rallying cry on every hoarding : Freedom is in peril—defend it with all your might ! Then, as though fearing such an appeal might have over-disturbed us, they offered us this opiate in pamphlet form. Could the following phrases be beaten for Maginot-mindedness ?

> " We do not have to defeat the Nazis on land, but only to prevent them from defeating us. If we can succeed in doing that, we can rely on our strength in other directions to bring them to their knees."

As Touchstone observed, there is much virtue in if !



Maj. GIDEON BRAND van ZYL, who will take up his duties as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa on January 1, 1946. He is the first Governor-General born in South Africa. *Photo, Pearl Freeman*

I AM glad I tucked this pamphlet away so securely that I never chanced upon it during, say, the autumn of 1940, or after the fall of Singapore and the retreat from Libya in 1942, when the Atlantic battle was at its grimmest stage. To have read then the jaunty claim of 1939 that the results of the Anglo-Turkish alliance were " equivalent to a first-class victory in the field," would have raised a very bitter laugh. By now, it scarcely matters. After all, we did achieve victory in the end—with the help of great allies undreamed of in 1939—so the anonymous author could plead justification. Indeed, one can now be charitable enough to admit that his pamphlet, for all its generosity in the matter of soothing syrup, did contain a great deal of wise reasoning. Here is his final paragraph :

> " The war will expose the fatal weakness of the Nazi structure ; every acute crisis will bring the regime nearer to disaster. The immense staying power of democracy is the final guarantee of Allied triumph."

Well, was that true or was it not ?

DR. A. J. P. TAYLOR, a Fellow of Magdalen, has managed to give a neat twist to the to-and-fro arguments about the future of Trieste. Analysing the latest Italian propagandist contention, based on population-analysis, he makes this pointed comment :

> By a similar selection of certain wards of Glasgow or Liverpool, it could be proved that Glasgow and Liverpool ought to be ceded to Eire. Yet no one doubts that Glasgow is Scottish and Liverpool English.

There is much food for thought—some of it not too easy of assimilation—in Mr. Taylor's pamphlet which the Yugoslav Information Office have just sent me, and which is published at a shilling.

THE portrait of the traitor Laval, taken during his trial, which appears in page 446, recalls the brilliant and (I believe) hitherto unrecorded motto which Sir Max Beerbohm is said to have suggested for the Vichy Government : Humilité—Servilité—Lavalité. Few Frenchmen could have put it so tersely. Or with such urbane cruelty.

ONE of the pleasanter aspects of post-war Lease-Lend in reverse is the fact that this term at Oxford 165 officers and men of the U.S. Army are attending college lectures, while waiting to be sent back home to be demobbed. It is the sort of thing that might have incalculable effects for good on Anglo-American relations twenty or thirty years hence when some of the 165 may have attained high executive position at Washington. I confess I wasn't surprised, as the academic authorities were, at the fact that the majority of these temporary students wanted to study Philosophy and that very few showed interest in the newer subjects as one must call them, I suppose. For the Americans are *au fond* an intensely serious, not to say pedantic, people—as anyone who has had to address an American women's club will tell you—and our ex-Hollywood notions of them are sadly out of focus. Had a hundred or so " Yanks " voted to remain in Oxford studying Philosophy after the First Great War (or is it my fond fancy ?) we mightn't have found ourselves engaging in the present tragi-comic haggling over the "secrets" (whatever they may be) of the atomic bomb.

DEATH from strangulation—by red tape—still threatens the British Press almost two months after final victory. A member of my staff telephoning one of our most august public bodies to inquire the location of a lightship which had been attacked by the Luftwaffe in 1940, was told, "Sorry, we can't tell you over the phone, but if you care to send along a messenger we'll give him full particulars." For publication? Why, of course!

In Britain Now: London's Tribute to R.C.A.F.

NOW CALLED "CANADA WALK," the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, for over five years housed the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Air Force. On October 30, 1945, this stretch of an historic square, for 300 years known as Newman's Row, was renamed to commemorate wartime ties between the Borough of Holborn and the R.C.A.F. Unveiling one of the name plates are seen Sergeant Margaret Hillis (Canadian W.A.A.F.) and Sergeant W. C. Glendenning (both of Victoria, B.C.). To mark the occasion the Mayor of Holborn, Alderman W. E. Mullen, and Air Marshal G. O. Johnson, commanding R.C.A.F. overseas, formally walked the length of the Row.

MEN OF THE ROYAL SIGNALS in October 1945 started work in London helping the G.P.O. to handle their mammoth task of installing 70,000 new telephones for would-be subscribers who have been on the waiting-list for several years. Priority is being given to applicants connected with essential reconstruction trades, the health services, and journalism. A private of the Royal Signals is seen testing a switch-board which his unit had installed in a London office. *Photos, Central Press, Keystone*

COLOURS OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS—the regiment was disbanded in 1922, following the establishment of the Irish Free State—were placed in the keeping of the Royal United Services Museum, Whitehall, on October 25, 1945. Formerly in the possession of the late Duke of Connaught, they were handed by the Chairman of the Museum, Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, G.C.V.O. (above), to veterans of the Fusiliers who are now spending the evening of their days as pensioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

WOMEN CADETS IN THE BRITISH ARMY assembled with instructors and male cadets on the lawns of the Army Staff College, Camberley, Surrey, for a map-reading lecture. Co-educational training was announced on October 16, 1945, when it was stated that women attending the 16-weeks' course would include an officer of the Canadian W.A.A.F., two from the Women's Transport Service of East Africa, and ten from the A.T.S. Each of these girl cadets has signed on for a further twelve months' service.

Photos, Fox, Planet News

Carrier Formidable on Peace-Task at Sydney

WITH OVER 1,000 BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN P.O.W. aboard, the 23,000-ton British aircraft carrier H.M.S. Formidable arrived at Sydney early in October 1945. Those well enough lined up on the 753-ft. long flight-deck with the ship's company as she prepared to enter the harbour. From Australia, Britain-bound P.O.W. are transported across the Pacific to Vancouver, whence they travel across Canada by rail to embark in the Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth. Many carriers have been transformed to troopships.

Photo, Associated Press

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